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THE LAIRD OF GLENTYRE

Little Schoolmate Series

EDITED BY
FLORENCE CONVERSE

IN SUNNY SPAIN

By Katharine Lee Bates

UNDER GREEK SKIES

By Julia D. Dragoumis

A BOY IN EIRINN

By Padraic Colum

THE LAIRD OF GLENTYRE

By Emma M. Green

GENEVIÈVE

By Laura Spencer Portor

ELSBETH

By Margarethe Müller



TOLD ALL HER ADVENTURES

Margaret
By
Webb.

1771-2
VCL

THE LAIRD OF GLENTYRE

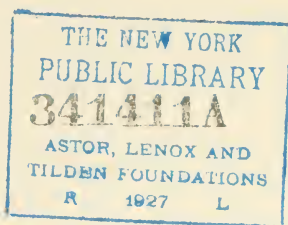
A STORY OF SCOTLAND

BY
E. M. GREEN



NEW YORK
E·P·DUTTON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

1 - 1



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TO
THE MANY FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND
TO WHOSE KINDNESS THIS BOOK
OWES MORE THAN THE
AUTHOR CAN
EXPRESS

A LETTER TO THE ONE WHO READS THIS BOOK

Dear Schoolmate:

The United States of America is often called the great Melting Pot, and if you have read some of my other letters in this series, about the Germans, the Irish, the Spanish, the Greeks, the French, perhaps you see why. All these races, and more too,—Russians, Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Syrians,—have come pouring into the huge American pot; and presently, after the flavoring spices of new climates and the melting fires of love and patriotism have done their work, a new race will come out of the pot—like the genie out of the bottle in the fairy tale. And you and I and all the other school children will be a part of the magic that helped to make that race.

Now you must not think that this way of making a race of men and women is brand

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new, like so many other American things. No; so far as we can tell, every race was made in a melting pot; but some of them, like the Jews, were melted and mingled so long ago that we have lost their recipe—we can only guess what other peoples may have been mixed together to make them. Others, like the Italians, we know more about. We know that there was for many years a melting pot in Southern Italy and Sicily, and that into it there went Greeks and Arabs and Normans, to mingle with the native race and make the Neapolitans and Sicilians who come to us to-day.

In Scotland, too, there was a melting pot, and as this letter is about the Scots who came to America, I must tell you something of that Scottish brew which ran in the veins of some of our sturdiest pioneers and some of our most noted statesmen and patriots. For Ulysses S. Grant had Scottish blood in his veins, and so had William McKinley, and others whose names I shall tell you later.

The Scottish pot, as you will see by looking at the map of Scotland, was a little pot; but it was fiery hot, and it boiled over more than once. The Picts and Scots are the first peoples of whom we know anything, in the little melting pot. The Picts were very early inhabitants, and the Scots were emigrants from Ireland—which in those days was called Scotia. The name of Scotland seems to have been given to the united kingdom of these Picts and Scots in the tenth century when it was sometimes called *Scotia Nova*, New Scotland, to distinguish it from Ireland; just as Nova Scotia is so called to-day, on the American side of the Atlantic, to distinguish it from old Scotland.

But these Scots and Picts, so often at war with each other, were together harassed by the Briton, who came up from the south because the Romans and then the Teutons crowded him. Then, after the Scots and the Picts and the Britons, Norwegians came sailing over the sea into the melting pot, then Angles and Saxons arrived, fleeing from Normans and Danes,

and finally the Danes were added. Out of this strange fighting *mêlée* the real Scotsman was born; and in his turn he has gone to new countries all over the world,—to Canada, to South Africa, to India, to the United States of America,—to help in the forming of new nations and new races.

The Scots who emigrated to the United States were of two sorts: those who came direct from Scotland, and those who came from Ireland. These Scotch-Irish, as the latter are called, are the ones we know most about, however, for they came over from Ireland in great numbers at a certain time in the eighteenth century; and they are as truly Scottish as the ones who emigrated from the mother country. They had been living in Ireland only a little over a century, when they began to come to America, and they had held themselves apart from the native Irish, whom they chose to look down upon.

It was King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland who sent the Scots into Ireland. This

James, you may remember, was heir to the Scottish throne through his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, and to the English throne through his cousin, Queen Elizabeth. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were united into one kingdom under him; and because he was a Protestant, in religion, he wished to make his whole kingdom a Protestant realm. But his Irish subjects were mostly Roman Catholics, as most Irish folk still are to-day, so King James, in what we now consider a very high-handed fashion, took away the land from the native Irish chiefs in the north of Ireland, in the province of Ulster, and gave it to Protestant Scots, who crossed over the narrow twelve miles of channel between the Scottish Lowlands and Irish Ulster and settled with their families in the north of Ireland.

They had been a mountain, moorland people in Scotland, shepherds and herdsmen, but in Ireland they had to learn to be farmers and weavers, to raise flax, and to weave both flax and wool. They were practical, however, and

were soon doing well in their new homes; indeed, before they had been one hundred years in Ireland they were doing so well that the English grew jealous of them and complained that Ireland was taking the woolen trade and the linen trade away from England; and presently laws were passed in Parliament hampering the Scotch-Irish in so many ways that they packed up their belongings and set sail with their families for America.

It is said that in 1718, 4,200 came to the new country, and that before 1775, when the American Revolution began, one-third of the Protestants of Ulster had settled in the American colonies. Of course, they had to take what land they could get, as the English Puritans in the north and the English Cavaliers in the south had already settled on the lands along the Atlantic coast; so the Scotch-Irish went inland, to central and western Massachusetts, and to the frontier in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. But the greater number went to Pennsylvania and from there into Vir-

ginia, in the Shenandoah valley; and from there they gradually drifted across the mountains to Tennessee and Kentucky and down into the Carolinas. Echoes of these Scottish pioneers come down to us to-day in the speech of the people; when we hear an ignorant mother in the Kentucky mountains scolding her naughty children and saying, "Behave yourselves, or Clavers will get you," we know that the Scots have passed that way. For the "Clavers" who has become a boggy name among these ignorant hill people, was the great Graham of Claverhouse whose deeds you may read of in this story of Scotland which Miss Green is to tell you presently.

The descendants of these early Scottish frontiersmen are found all over the United States to-day, and from their ancestors they inherit those good qualities for which the everyday American is so well known; they are industrious, law-abiding, courageous. Listen to what William McKinley, himself a Scotch-Irishman, said of them in a speech which he

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made before he was President of the United States,—when he was Governor of Ohio:—

“Next to their intense patriotism,” he said, “the distinguishing characteristics of the Scotch-Irish are their love of learning and their love of religion. The Scotch-Irishman is the ideal educator and he is the natural theologian.” He adds that another marked characteristic is love of home and family, and that wherever this prevails there are found manly virtue, high integrity, and good citizenship. And Bancroft, the historian, says, “The first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, nor from the planters of Virginia, nor from the Dutch of New York, but from the Scotch Presbyterians.” Do you know whose voice this was, School-mate? Who was the American patriot who first publicly raised his voice to dissolve our connection with Great Britain?— I shall not tell you.

Of the settlers who came direct from Scot-

land it is more difficult to get information, although we know that many came. After the defeat of Charles Edward,—the Prince Charlie of whom Miss Green will tell you,—Highlanders began to cross the sea. Between 1763 and 1775 over twenty thousand Highland Scots emigrated to America, to North Carolina, Georgia, New York. And all over Canada the Scottish people have settled; they have built the railroads and farmed the lands of the great Northwest. Canada is what she is to-day because of the wisdom and energy and integrity of her Scotsmen, statesmen and pioneers.

The list of the great names of Americans descended from Scottish and Scotch-Irish forefathers is too long for this letter, but I will tell you a few of them, and the others you can look up for yourself.

Among the early Colonial folk stands out the name of the Deputy Governor of Virginia, in the eighteenth century, Sir Alexander Spotswood, or Spottiswoode, as his family were

called in Scotland. You can read about him in John Esten Cooke's history of the men of Virginia. He was called the Tubal Cain of Old Virginia, because he built the first furnaces for the manufacture of iron. He was Deputy Postmaster General of the American Colonies, and his postmen used to take a week to carry the mail from Philadelphia to Williamstown in Virginia, nearly three hundred miles. We do better with our rural delivery nowadays, but three hundred miles a week, in the eighteenth century, was not so slow as it sounds.

Among our poets, Edgar Allan Poe is of Scotch-Irish descent, and among prose writers we have Washington Irving, who wrote the story of Rip Van Winkle and of Sleepy Hollow. But for the most part, the men of this stock were not writers and poets, but men of action: statesmen, generals, seamen. The Scots claim Alexander Hamilton and Ulysses S. Grant. The list of our Scottish and Scotch-Irish presidents is long, and it includes, besides

Grant,—perhaps Lincoln, though we are not sure,—Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur, James Monroe, Rutherford B. Hayes. Among great editors stands Horace Greeley; among great seamen, John Paul Jones and Commodore Perry. Jeff Davis, the leader of the Southern Confederacy, belongs among the Scotch-Irish, and so does John C. Calhoun. Our modern Scots include Andrew Carnegie, and Alexander Graham Bell, who was born in Edinburgh. Who knows what America owes to Alexander Graham Bell?—Speak up, Schoolmate! And Thomas A. Edison and Cyrus McCormick are both of Scottish blood. If you want to know the names of the Scots in Canada,—besides Lord Strathcona,—you can find them in a book by George Bryce, called “The Scotsman in Canada.”

Now here is a new game:—See who can make the longest list of American Scots who have served their country famously. You will

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find them in Texas, in Ohio, in Virginia, all over the map. They have fought our battles for us, ruled our land, built up our commerce. Sometimes they have done well by us, sometimes they have made mistakes and done ill, but always they have been honest with themselves and with their fellowmen. And this honesty of purpose is one of the best gifts that ever found its way into a melting pot.

Affectionately yours,

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

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THE LAIRD OF GLENTYRE

THE LAIRD OF GLENTYRE

CHAPTER I

STARTING NORTHWARD

MRS. ELLISON put down her letter. Then she looked across at her husband, saying:—

“This seems the best arrangement for the children while we are away. Here is a warm invitation to Glentyre, and I think that we should accept it.”

“Glentyre,” said Major Ellison musingly. “Who is there now?”

“You may well ask, there have been so many changes since the old days. The present Laird is little more than a boy, who is looked after by a relation universally called Aunt Effie—it is she who writes, and a very kind letter it is.”

Her husband stretched out his hand for the

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letter, and read it gravely till he came near the end.

“‘Jock and Jeanie,’” he read. “‘I wonder if they are Scots in anything but name.’ Here they are! We’ll find out. What do you know about Scotland, children?”

“Scotland,” said Jock, frowning hard, “is bounded on the north by England—no, I mean the south, and—”

“Dad does not want that,” interrupted Jeanie, tossing back her fair hair. “Scotland is the home of Burns and Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson; it is the land of romance, chivalry and—I forget the other thing, but I learnt it in the last literature lesson.”

“Well done, Jeanie,” said her father. “Perhaps patriotism was your third thing. Now sit down, for we have something to tell you.”

The frown had not gone out of Jock’s forehead; he knew that his father and mother were going away, and he guessed that he and Jeanie were to be left behind.

“Father is not as well as we want him to be,”

said Mother gently, "so he and I are going abroad where the doctor hopes he will get quite strong, and we think it best to leave you two with some relations at my old home in Scotland."

"Can't we come with you, Mummy?" asked Jeanie quickly.

"No, dear; there are many reasons why you cannot; you can best help Father to get well by being happy and good in what will be your home for a time, Glentyre."

"Who is there?" asked Jock gravely.

"Aunt Effie, who will look after you both. She must be rather old, but I know that you will both remember that in respecting and obeying her you are doing what Father and I wish. Then there is the Laird, your cousin, and the master of the house. You will call him Neil, or Cousin Neil if he prefers it. I think there is a younger boy, but perhaps he is at school."

There was silence for a moment, then Jock asked,—

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“How shall we get on with all these strange people in a strange house?”

It was his father who answered this time. “Always try to do the right thing, my boy, and think more of what they want than of your own way. Things will be different, but a gentleman learns to hold his tongue, and a soldier’s son is obedient. Besides, God is as near in Scotland as in England.”

“And there is another thing,” said Mother, putting an arm round each of them; “my old nurse still lives there. You can go to her in trouble, and she will tell you about me when I was a little girl.”

It seemed to the children after this that everything happened very quickly; portmantaux and boxes were got out and packed, the ornaments in the drawing-room were put away, and the house looked desolate.

“It’s all very horrid,” said Jock one day; but Jeanie answered lightly,—

“Oh, I don’t know. I daresay we shall have great fun; and after all it will not be for very

long. Then when we come back again everything will be just the same."

For she was too young to know that things never are the same again; or that when they came back they would bring with them thoughts and interests which would make their life different from what it had been in the past.

Yet, when the last evening came, it was the parents who felt the parting most keenly.

"I shall often write," said their mother as they lingered over the good-night, "and you must write every week. Tell me everything you like, dears, and talk to Aunt Effie and Nurse if you are in any trouble. You will enjoy the journey with Uncle Frank, and when we meet again—"

Mrs. Ellison's face was hidden in Jeanie's mass of hair, and it was the Major who finished the sentence. "When we meet again," he said, "we shall all have so much to tell that we shall have to take turns to speak. Bedtime, darling; good-night, God bless you," and with one long hug, Jeanie went off with her mother,

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Jock sat still, looking out into the evening sky, while his father lay back wearily in his long chair.

“Jock,” he said, “you are the eldest, and you are a boy; you will look after her?”

“Yes,” said Jock hoarsely.

“I am too tired to say all I mean, but you understand, old fellow. Things won’t always be easy, but you won’t disgrace your name. They are proud of Scotland, but let them see that an Englishman knows what honor means also, and . . . well, just pray about things, and remember all that Mother wishes. Good-night, dear; I must not talk, and you will have to be up early in the morning.”

Jock was very silent, but long after Jeanie was asleep that night he was wide awake, staring into the darkness, and thinking thoughts he could not have put into words.

The next morning was a time of bustle and excitement, for Uncle Frank arrived after breakfast and took the children away from the pretty house in Hampstead to King’s Cross

Station, where they took the Scottish express for Edinburgh. As the taxicab sped away from the door, Major and Mrs. Ellison stood outside, smiling bravely and waving handkerchiefs till the children were out of sight.

"Did you notice my trunk, Uncle Frank?" said Jeanie. "It is quite new, bought on purpose for me, with my very own initials on it. You won't let the porters spoil it, will you?"

"I will do my best," Uncle Frank assured her, "but porters are a hard-hearted race."

It was a splendid day for the journey, and when at last the train had started on its great northward race, it seemed to Jock that it throbbed out the words, "To Scotland, to Scotland, to Scotland."

They could hardly believe that this train came to Scotland every day and was accustomed to every mile of the wonderful journey. Did the guard always look out as he passed Durham, at the glorious cathedral standing on the hill as it had stood for so many hundreds of years, and did it feel as strange to him as

it did to Jock when they had rushed over the Tweed by Berwick and were really in Scotland? He did not know yet how important a town Berwick had been as long ago as when Bruce was fighting for the crown of Scotland; he only looked at the low bridge far beneath the level of the train and said to himself, "Now I am in Scotland." But Uncle Frank had put down his paper and glanced out.

"Berwick," he said. "Now I will tell you something about Scotland. You remember seeing the Coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. It has on it the 'Stone of Destiny' which King Edward I. brought from Scotland. This Stone of Destiny on which the Kings of the Scots had been crowned for eight hundred years was at Scone, and there was an old prophecy which said that where the Stone went the Scottish crown must follow. It is thought to have served Jacob for a pillow—this block of red sandstone with pebbles in it. Then King Edward I. took it away, and here at Berwick they held a great council, and for a time

the King of England ruled Scotland. Then William Wallace showed the Scots what patriotism really meant, and what it was to fight not clan against clan, but all for Scotland; and it took England years to make any way in Scotland this time."

"All I know about William Wallace," said Jeanie, "is a verse,—

Willy Wally had a cow,
Black and white about its brow,
Open the gate and let it through,
Willy Wally's cow.

Uncle Frank laughed and said,—

"It is strange how those nursery rhymes generally come from something in history. Now come and look out. We shall soon see the sea."

No one can quickly forget the first journey to Scotland, the rugged cliffs, and the waves breaking on the sand, then the glorious stretches of woodland; yet the children were getting tired when the train ran into Waverley

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Station, and they were glad to jump out on the platform, claim their luggage and drive through the streets.

“Edinburgh is said to be the most beautiful city in the world,” said Uncle Frank, “but we shall hardly have time to see much of it. There is the Castle on the hill, and over there lies Holyrood.”

But as yet these places had no interest for Jock and Jeanie. What seemed to them far more wonderful was that when they rang the bell at the house where they were to spend the night, the door came open as if by itself, and there was no one inside.

“A real Edinburgh flat,” said Uncle Frank. “It is worked by a chain on each floor; and each floor is a separate house. Come up, the cabman will bring the luggage.”

“Come awa’ in,” said a kind voice as they reached the first floor. “Ah, the wee anes will be weary.”

Too tired to take much notice of anything,

the children were glad to have a meal and go to bed.

To-morrow night they would sleep at Glentyre, the home of the unknown relations, but to-night Uncle Frank made the house like home.

Far away on the deck of an outward bound steamer, their father and mother looked up into a starlit sky.

"They will be in bed now," she said softly; "God bless them."

CHAPTER II

GLENTYRE

A GREAT disappointment awaited the little travelers, for Uncle Frank was not going to take them all the way to Glentyre. He was one of the leading doctors in Edinburgh, and he found important business waiting for him; so as a lady whom he knew was traveling to the same station he put Jock and Jeanie into her charge, coming to the station to see them off.

"I know the porter will spoil my trunk, Uncle Frank," said Jeanie dolefully.

"How would it be to leave it with me? I will keep it as an ornament in my study, and Mrs. Macdonald shall dust it every day."

Jeanie laughed.

"Don't make troubles, little one," he said, "there are plenty in the world without making them." And then the train started.

The lady pointed out the glorious scenery as they went along, the mountains and the lochs, but they were far more interested in a man in highland dress who got into the next carriage at a small station.

"Your cousin will wear the kilt," said the lady, and this was the first thing that made them wish to see Neil.

Would he come to the station to meet them, and how should they know him if there was a great crowd? But when they alighted at the small station, the only person on the platform was an old man who scanned the children critically.

"Will ye be for Glentyre?" he asked, and the lady assured him that they were the Laird's cousins.

Outside was a rough-coated horse in an old four-wheeled carriage, into which the travelers and their luggage were packed. Then they started across the moor. The old man pointed out various objects of interest and gave them some news, but they found him very dif-

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ficult to understand, and Jeanie wished that she could have got down and picked a huge bunch of the lovely heather. However, they were both far too shy to express any wish, and they said little till suddenly they came in sight of a grand old castle.

"Oh," cried Jeanie, "what place is that?"

"It's just Glentyre," said the man.

"But it's a castle," cried the little girl.

"Deed ay', a castle," said the man gravely.

Jeanie looked at Jock; they had not known they were to live in a castle; in their wildest dreams they had never thought of anything so grand. Evidently Jock did not like the idea, for he was frowning. How should he know how to behave in a castle?

As the carriage drew near, the great hall door was opened, and a boy came out, not much bigger than Jock, followed by a large deer-hound.

"Welcome to Glentyre," he said gravely.

"Come in; Colin will see to your things. This is Bevis," and as the strangers entered the

house, the only creature in the place they knew by name was the deerhound.

In the hall was some armor; fishing-rods and guns stood in the corner, antlers hung on the wall, and a few skins and fur rugs lay on the stone floor. The boy turned to them in sudden confidence:—

“Neil cannot walk,” he said. “Don’t say anything; he is always like that,” and crossing the hall he opened the door of a room, where on a low sofa lay a handsome youth with bright sparkling eyes.

“Welcome to Glentyre,” he said, stretching out his hand. “I hope you have had a good journey. This is Aunt Effie.”

An old lady kissed them and presently took them away to see their rooms, which were reached by so many passages and steps that they felt sure they should never find their way about. Fortunately, Nurse was a person prepared to answer any number of questions, and before they came down to tea Jock and Jeanie had learned that the younger boy was named

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Malcolm; that Colin who had driven them was the piper; that Neil had been on his back nearly all his life, but was the cleverest and best Laird in Scotland; that little Miss Margaret, their mother, had slept in the room which Jeanie had, and a hundred other details which interested them greatly.

"Then there's Mr. Forrest," said Nurse; "he has rooms in the old tower near the chapel."

"Who is he?" asked Jock.

"Just the chaplain," said Nurse. "You will find chaplains in some of the oldest castles in Scotland,—Glamis, and Taymouth and Glentyre. In the days of bonnie Prince Charlie, it wasn't only the Prince they fought against; 'twas the Church."

"But don't the Scottish people go to church?" asked Jock.

"Eh, dears, how can an old woman like me make you understand it? They took away the Bishops and the Abbeys, and just started a religion of their own. Mr. Forrest will tell ye,

but Scotland has seen better days. But they're a God-fearing folk after all," she added.

"Oh, Jock," said Jeanie as they went down the great staircase, "I am sure everything will be just splendid."

"I don't know," he replied cautiously, "but Nurse will be a help."

After tea, Malcolm took them all over the house, some of the rooms being shut up and not used, with tapestry, old and torn, on the walls.

"This room," said Malcolm, unbarring the shutters and letting the sunlight into the long apartment, "has hardly been used since Prince Charlie stayed here one night. In those days," he added proudly, "Glentyre was as splendid as any castle in Scotland, but we gave all we had for the Prince, and now there's only just the house left. That was the chair," pointing out a faded brocade chair with gilt legs, "in which the Prince sat."

"And which was his room?" asked Jeanie. "Where did he sleep?"

"It is very strange," said Malcolm, "but there has never been any tale of the room he slept in."

Then they went up the dark, winding stair in the old tower, looking out at the slit windows with no glass in them, till they reached the chapel. How quiet it was up here, far away from any sound of life! They stood in the doorway for a moment; then turned away.

"I can show you another way down," said Malcolm. "Press this spring and a door opens. Now you see we are above the great gallery and near the staircase. It must have been jolly in the old days when all the house was used."

Jock fancied that he could see knights and men in armor thronging the long passages, and he was rather glad that his bedroom was close to the nursery where Jeanie slept with Nurse.

They had dinner at seven in the great dining-hall, to which Colin, the piper, wheeled Neil in an invalid chair; then he waited on them

till dessert was placed on the table, when he went out of the room, returning almost immediately with his pipes, on which he played what seemed to the visitors a remarkable tune, marching round the room as the weird sounds filled the air.

No one else seemed to take any notice, so Jock supposed that it was part of the Scottish life of which they had so much to learn; yet though in some ways there was more formality in the house than they had known at home, in other things the customs were far simpler. There was no carpet in his bedroom, and it was taken for granted that everyone washed in cold water. Jock learned to be ready for breakfast without being called after the first morning, when he overslept himself and Malcolm said he had heard the English were "soft."

Mr. Forrest, the chaplain, was very tall, but he was quite young and not at all alarming, which was a good thing, as after the first day, Malcolm, Jock and Jeanie did lessons with him

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in his room up in the tower. The walls had no paper, there was just the same rough stone that there was outside, and there were so many books and papers in the room that some were piled on the floor.

"Shall you ever read all these books?" asked Jeanie, the first morning that they went in.

"I hope so," he said, laughing, "and I will tell you about some of them, but you must be very careful never to touch my books or papers."

"Mr. Forrest is writing a book," said Malcolm impressively.

"Oh, what is it about?" asked Jeanie. "Are there heaps of adventures?"

"Yes, there are heaps of adventures. It is a history of the church in Scotland."

"Oh," said the little girl in a disappointed voice; she was too polite to say that she thought the subject very dull.

"I will tell you a little bit of it now, and when you go back to Edinburgh it will help you to understand some things about the cas-

tle. Have you read any of the history of Scotland?"

"We have read some of *Tales of a Grandfather*," said Jock, "and Mother read us part of *Macbeth*."

"Well, you have made a good beginning; but when you are as old as I am you will find out that you can never learn all that there is about Scotland, for it is perhaps the most romantic country in the world."

"That sounds nice," said Jeanie; "I was afraid it was going to be dull."

"There is very little in the world that is dull," said the chaplain, "unless we make it so."

CHAPTER III

QUEEN MARGARET

THE chaplain's story began before the Norman conquest of England in 1066, in the days when Macbeth was King of the Scots, having slain King Duncan. Those were days of much fighting, and when King Duncan's son, Malcolm, was about twenty-three, he fought against Macbeth and beat him, and was crowned King of the Scots at Scone on the "Stone of Destiny," on which the British sovereigns are crowned to this day.

Now that William the Conqueror was King of England, Edgar the Atheling could find no home there, so King Malcolm invited him with his mother and sisters to come to Scotland. One of these sisters was named Margaret, and she was very beautiful and very good; and the royal exiles came in a ship to Scotland in very stormy weather, and a place near Queensferry

called "St. Margaret's Hope," is perhaps where they landed. Margaret had been brought up at the court of the King of Hungary, her uncle. After a time King Malcolm married Margaret at Dunfermline, and long afterwards a famous historian wrote an account of it in Latin, and this sentence shows us what was thought of the Scottish Queen:—

"An ambassador came to the King with this message: We saw a lady there, and by the bye, from the matchless beauty of her person and the ready flow of her pleasant eloquence, teeming moreover as she did with all the other qualities, I declare to thee, O King, her admirable loveliness and gentleness one must admire, as I deem, rather than describe."

Her chaplain, Turgot, wrote a history of her life, and so we know much about her. She introduced a great deal of state and magnificence into Court life, and she and her ladies did beautiful embroidery, much of which was for the Abbey of Dunfermline which she founded. When Queen Margaret came,

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everything was to be worthy of a court, and vessels of gold and silver were made for the royal table. Before her time no one thought anything of ceremony in Scotland; now when the King rode out he was accompanied by high officials.

Long before this, the old Celtic Church had been in Scotland, and the Queen wished everything in the churches to be as beautiful as it was at court. Her dearest possession was a "Black Rood" or cross, which was so called because it was kept in a black case. The cross was of gold set with diamonds, and it is said to have held a bit of the true cross; and though King Edward I. carried it away to England it had to be returned later.

King Malcolm could not read, but he liked Margaret's books to be very beautiful, so he had a "gospel book" of hers set with jewels, and this she loved very much. One day a messenger let it fall into a stream, and after some search it was recovered. But after hundreds of years this book

has been discovered lately and is in the Bodleian library at Oxford. One day you will read all that Malcolm and Margaret did for Scotland, and how they brought the Highlands and Lowlands together as they had never been united before, and how they trained their eight children.

Those were fighting days, and when the King went south to battle, Margaret was moved to Edinburgh Castle for safety, but the King was slain in battle, and the Queen, whose goodness made her so much beloved, died soon afterwards. It had been her wish to be buried at Dunfermline Abbey, but how was her body to be borne through the ranks of the enemy? Behold! a thick mist covered the little funeral party and they got through unnoticed, and there in the Abbey she had founded, Queen Margaret was laid to rest, and there long afterwards they brought the bones of King Malcolm to rest beside her.

“This all happened nearly nine hundred years ago,” said the chaplain, “and Margaret’s

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son David founded the Abbey of 'Holy Rood,' and gave 'St. Margaret's Chapel,' in the castle, to the monks. You will see it when you go back to Edinburgh, the little ruined chapel into which so many hundreds of tourists go thoughtlessly, never considering that it is holy ground. There the worship of God went on daily, and the Queen whose name it bears had three sons who became Kings of Scotland—Edgar, Alexander and David—who were renowned for their virtues and their good rule.

"These things do not pass away—Scotland is a better place to-day—because of the life of Queen Margaret."

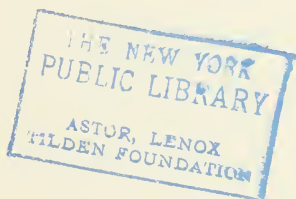
Mr. Forrest paused, and Jeanie said, "I liked best about her matchless beauty and the ready flow of her pleasant eloquence. It would be an easy thing to act if we had a few proper clothes; Malcolm could be the king, I the queen, and Jock the eight children, or the attendants."

"Thank you," said Jock.

"Well, I think you really must go now," said



MANY SCAMPERS OVER THE MOORS



the chaplain, "for I have other things to attend to. Take the ponies if you like, and ride forth in state."

"Well," said Jock when they were downstairs, "lessons aren't much bother here."

"No," said Malcolm, "but you'll find he means you to remember things. He just makes all these people seem alive. Neil is the same; he reads everything, and though he never goes away he can describe every place. Let's look in at Neil; then we might have a ride."

There were three ponies at the disposal of anyone who wanted them, and it never occurred to Malcolm that his cousins were not accustomed to riding. Jock was shy of proclaiming the fact, but Jeanie's "pleasant eloquence" was equal to the occasion.

"Then we'll get Colin," said Malcolm; "he can teach anyone to ride in no time."

This was the beginning of many delightful scampers over the moors, and before they had time to be tired of the characters of King Mal-

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colm's court, Jeanie had a new game to propose.

"Let us play at water-kelpies," she cried. "You know what a kelpie is, Malcolm."

"Of course I do," he said.

"I don't," said Jock.

Jeanie had acquired a wonderful number of Highland stories from Nurse and Colin, to whom a little girl was such a novelty in the household that they were inclined to pet her.

"Well," said Jeanie, "a water-kelpie generally looks like a horse, ready saddled and bridled, just grazing by the roadside. When you come up and think what a splendid horse you have found, and get on his back, he flies into the air and takes you to the nearest loch, into which he plunges and devours you."

"Rubbish," said Jock.

"But it's true," said Jeanie. "There was a Mr. MacGregor who one day found what looked like a horse on the road between Strathspey and Inverness. He drew his sword and cut off part of the bit, hurting the horse at the

same time. He put the bit into his pocket, and then the horse, which was really a kelpie, began to talk to him, and begged him to give him back the bit, for this it was that gave him his magic power, and without it he would die in twenty-four hours. The two argued for some time as they walked on to Mr. MacGregor's house, outside of which the kelpie stood stamping and raging, declaring that Mr. Macgregor and the bit should not enter the house together. So Mr. MacGregor went round to the back of the house and threw the bit in at a window to his wife. Then he came round and told the kelpie, who rushed off and was never seen again. It must be true," ended Jeanie triumphantly, "because Colin has seen the bit."

The only objection to this as a game was that it was very difficult to get the ponies to enter into the spirit of it. They were content to graze by the wayside, to be caught and mounted; but the kelpie-spirit was wanting, and they had to be urged to sudden flight, which ended when the loch was neared.

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"I don't believe much in your kelpies," said Jock; "do you, Malcolm?"

But Malcolm was cautious. "Of course we know that the ponies are not kelpies," he said, "but that does not show that there never were such things. Colin told me that story long ago. I have always known it."

"But you have never seen a kelpie," said Jock.

"There are many things I have never seen yet," said Malcolm, "and you had never seen Scotland till now."

There was a flash in his blue eye which kept his cousin from pursuing the subject, and they rode off across the moor with Bevis by their side, satisfied for a time to be themselves, without acting any of the characters, real or imaginary, in which Scotland is so rich.

Later, as they entered the house, Malcolm's eye fell on a parcel.

"I say, Jock, take this to Neil, will you? It is the book he has been wanting from Edinburgh. Colin is waiting for me."

Jock took the parcel, glancing at the address as he entered Neil's study.

"It is addressed to 'Sir Neil Graham,' " he said doubtfully.

"Yes," said his cousin, "I am Sir Neil Graham."

"But they call you Glentyre," said Jock.

"Yes; I am the Laird of Glentyre. Strictly speaking I am Neil Graham of Glentyre. In Scotland we think more of the place than the title. Cameron of Lochiel would be called Lochiel. Each clan is a little kingdom to its own retainers. Colin thinks of Glentyre as the most splendid place in the world; he would rather serve us here as we are than go to England for the richest post anyone could offer him. Perhaps only a Scot knows all that a place means to us. It is little to me to be Sir Neil Graham, but a Laird of Glentyre gave shelter to Bonnie Prince Charlie, and Glentyre is just everything."

Jock stood still, looking down at his cousin's eager face as he lay on his sofa, surrounded

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with books and papers. It seemed sad to him that the Laird of this little kingdom could not walk a step by himself, and in his boyish way he tried to show his sympathy.

"Can't I help you, Neil? Shall I open this parcel; and do you want all these papers to be on the floor, or have they just slipped down?"

Neil laughed.

"Most of them slipped down," he said. "Suppose we tidy the place a bit and make things shipshape. Unless you want to be out with the others."

"No," said the boy, "I would rather help you."

Half the books on the floor were Waverley novels, of which Jock had read three.

"Which?" asked Neil.

"*The Talisman*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot*."

"Then take *Rob Roy*. He was to Scotland very much what Robin Hood was to England. You know the Rob Roy tartan of the McGreg-

ors; you see our history is partly written in our dress."

Truth to tell, when Jock had first arrived he had rather despised the kilt which his cousins wore, thinking of it only as a fancy dress he had seen on small boys in England.

"I like to think of the excitement when the Waverley novels came out," said Neil. "No one knew who wrote them, and Sir Walter Scott heard the authorship discussed long before it was known. He wrote at an extraordinary pace, and produced a book in no time. Did you see his statue in Edinburgh?"

"Yes," said Jock, "we drove by it."

"Well, we have got his novels in order now. Mr. Forrest will hardly know this room when he comes back."

"Are you writing a book, too?" asked the boy.

"Oh, dear no, I am only reading all the books I can get, and making some notes on them. Thank you, my boy; you have been a

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help. Remember, you belong to Glentyre, too," and at Neil's words Jock began to see what it meant to belong to a clan.

CHAPTER IV

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

“JEANIE, where did you get that frock?”
Jeanie held her kilted tartan in each hand and made a curtsy.

“Nurse and I managed it,” she said. “Eh, but I’ll wear the kilt and look braw. Ge, mon, ye look gey dour in your knickerbockers.”

Malcolm took it seriously.

“If you like, Jock,” he said, “you may have the dress I’ve outgrown. Anyhow, you can wear it for our games. Bonnie Prince Charlie would never have worn your clothes.”

It was a very Scottish trio that entered Mr. Forrest’s room that morning, and he remarked on it.

“Yes,” said Jeanie, “you think we are ourselves, but we are not. We are Bruce, bonnie Prince Charlie and Mary, Queen of Scots.”

Mr. Forrest made a low bow, saying that

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he was much honored at so distinguished a company, and then he told each of them a story of the time at which he or she lived.

"I know what you will tell about Bruce," said Jeanie; "the story of the spider."

"No," said the chaplain, "for everyone knows that."

So he told them of Bruce wandering, sad and lonely, on the Scottish moors after his foster brother had been slain, and coming to a house. The mistress asked him where he was going, and he said that he was a wayfarer.

"Then come in," she said, "for all wayfarers are welcome for the sake of the King of the Scots who to-day is a wayfarer though he will one day win his kingdom."

Then Bruce told her that he was the King, and at once she prepared a meal; but as Bruce was eating it there came a sound of stamping feet, and he rose to defend the house. This time, however, they were friends, not foes, Edward Bruce and James of Douglas, called by the Scots "the good Sir James," and by the

English "the Black Douglas." And for a time Bruce won many victories. James continued his faithful friend and strongest ally. He was never "over glad for winning," and never "over sad for tining" (losing). He was, besides, a generous foe, and once when he consented that some French prisoners should be sent home without ransom, Bruce in thanking him for his generosity took from his own hand an emerald ring and put it on the hand of James of Douglas. This was known as "the Emerald Charter."

After Bruce's death, though his body was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, Scotland's royal resting place, by his own wish James of Douglas carried his heart to rest in the Holy Land; but he never reached Palestine. He was slain in Spain fighting against the Moors, and his bones and the King's heart were brought back to Scotland and buried at Melrose Abbey. To-day Melrose Abbey is perhaps the most beautiful ruin in the world, and it holds the heart of the great King of the Scots.

For a moment no one spoke, then Jeanie said, "I am afraid my story will not be quite as splendid as that."

"I don't know," said Mr. Forrest; "there is so much that is splendid about Mary, Queen of Scots, that I can only tell you a little at a time. The earliest story told of her is when she was three years old. Cardinal Beaton, dressed in his red robes, entered the room at Stirling where the child was. In great terror she cried out, 'Kill Redeaton! He will take me away.'"

"Her nurses must have sung to her the Scottish nursery rhyme about *Red Etin*, the Scottish and Irish 'Bogy-man,' "

The *red Etin* of Ireland
 He lived in Ballygan,
 He stole King Malcolm's daughter,
 The King of fair Scotland;
 He beats her, he binds her,
 He lays on her a band,
 And every day he dings her
 With a bright silver wand.

“When Mary was five she was taken to live on an island in the Lake of Menteith, and there also were the four Maries, her little friends, Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingston and Mary Fleming. Besides her mother and nurse there was a governess and one or two tutors. This is a description of the little Queen: ‘Her shining hair, which in childhood was of bright golden yellow, was bound with a rose-colored satin snood; and she wore a tartan scarf over her black silk gown, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine.’ Her garden is still shown on the island at Inchmahone. That island lies in the only lake in Scotland, the Lake of Menteith. This is an account you will like: *

“ ‘What is this?’ asks Dr. John Brown. ‘It is plainly *the child-Queen’s Garden*, with her little walk and its rows of box-wood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, here is that first garden of her

* Horæ Subsecivæ by John Brown, M. D.

simpleness. Fancy the little, lovely, royal child, with her four Maries, her play-fellows, her child maids of honor, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something "that tirls the heartstrings a' to the life" in standing and looking on this unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr. Tennyson, we would write an idyll of that child Queen, in that garden of hers; eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.'

"That is all I can tell you about Queen Mary to-day, or we shall never get through half that there is to do."

Now Jeanie had been comparing her own "shining yellow hair" with the Queen's and she wanted to hear more about her, so she said rather fretfully:—

"It isn't fair. Malcolm's story was much nicer and longer than mine."

"Come," said the chaplain cheerfully, "show that you know how a queen should behave." But Jeanie had lost her temper and was beyond taking a hint.

Jock frowned at her and Malcolm looked straight in front of him, but the color rushed into Jeanie's face and her eloquence was anything but pleasant.

"I don't want to hear about the Prince," she said. "And I never had to do Latin at home," as she saw Mr. Forrest open the Latin Grammar, "and I won't—"

"Jeanie," interrupted the chaplain sternly, "you had better go away and come back when you can behave properly and say that you are sorry."

The little girl was utterly taken aback; she

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got off her chair, hastened from the room and rushed down the winding staircase, never stopping till she was some way from the house, when she threw herself on the ground and burst into a passion of tears. Ever since her arrival at Glentyre she had been made much of, for a little girl was quite a novelty there. She had got what she liked from old nurse and had made Colin her willing slave; she had been the leader in all the games, and Neil and Aunt Effie had laughed at her chatter. And now Mr. Forrest had reproved her and sent her away, disgracing her before the two boys. It was not likely that she would go back or say that she was sorry. What a terrible place Glentyre was, and how much she wished that she was at home!

So she lay there among the heather, in all the color and beauty of a Scottish moor in summer time, none of which she saw, for she was thinking only of herself. She did not see the glorious mass of pink heather, looking purple where the clouds swept over it, nor the miles

of woodland with the mountains beyond, and over all a cloudless blue sky with the sun reflected in the waters of the loch.

That is the worst of a grievance, it makes us blind to everything else, and at last out of sheer weariness Jeanie sobbed herself asleep.

Meanwhile, in the tower room, lessons went on quietly, the boys got through their declensions, and learned a new rule in arithmetic; but no one was sorry when the time came for putting away the books.

Malcolm was going downstairs, when Jock turned back, his honest face troubled and his dark eyes dim. He was the elder and his father had bidden him look after Jeanie, who had so strangely forgotten herself in another's house.

"I am sorry," he said bluntly, and the chaplain understood.

"I know you are, my boy, and I am sorry for your sake that this has happened. Jeanie will think better of it presently. Don't trouble too much. Run out now and play."

Jock followed his cousin, and Mr. Forrest quite expected to hear footsteps come to his door, but none came, and they all met at luncheon without Jeanie's having said a word. She had changed her tartan frock for one of those she had brought from home, and she ate her meal quietly, avoiding Mr. Forrest's glance. Afterwards Neil said,—

“You boys are going fishing; Jeanie, I wonder whether you would come and help me with my books, it will not take long.”

Jeanie felt a sudden lump in her throat as she said, “Of course I will, Neil.”

It was only to hand him some books and put away others, and as he thanked her he explained many things about the books he was reading.

“Oh, how can you?” she said with almost a sob—“You go on being so brave and cheerful, and it's too bad.”

“No,” he said gently, “nothing is too bad. You see, Jeanie, there is so little I can do; I can't walk or ride or fish or shoot or look after

the place; but at least I can be cheerful. There is one thing in which I may get my chance. I suppose you have not yet read anything by Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"I have read *Treasure Island*."

"Well, one day you will read a poem of his. You would not understand it all now, but it begins like this:—

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face—

Can you understand it? We help others by being happy. Don't grieve over your own troubles. Just thank God for everything and do what you can. There, you have put one book head downward; if you set it straight I shall have everything for the afternoon. Thank you so much."

"No, Neil," said the little girl, kneeling down by the sofa, and putting her arms round his neck. "I'm ever so horrid, but I won't be

again. You wouldn't like me if you knew," and before he could answer she was out of the room and halfway up the tower stairs.

"Come in," said Mr. Forrest in answer to a very gentle tap; and Jeanie ran up to him.

"Oh," she said, "I am dreadfully, dreadfully sorry. I didn't think I was going to be, but I am. It was all Neil, he is just splendid, he's going on showing his glorious morning face, and I saw what a toad I'd been."

The chaplain spoke kindly, adding one word of advice. "Shut your mouth hard, Jeanie, when you feel inclined to speak in that way. The feelings will pass, and it is a great thing to have kept silent."

"And you'll never want to pretend with me again?"

"On the contrary, I have just got Aunt Effie's consent to your having the steward's little girls this afternoon for a game. There are only two of them, but when once you pretend, it's as easy for them to be the four Maries as





it is for you to be the Queen. Now shall we come to Macrae and fetch them?"

Jeanie gave a cry of delight.

"You are the most forgivingest person I ever knew," she said. "We shall pretend that you are all the Bishops living up here, and perhaps Bruce and Prince Charlie too."

"I will lend you this book," he said, "only don't drop it into the loch or leave it out. You can get heaps of games out of it." *

*The book was "True Romances of Scotland." By E. Maxtone Graham and E. Paterson. (Blackwoods, Edinburgh,) which makes every reader long to visit Scotland.

CHAPTER V

FOR THE KING

JOCK became an ardent fisherman, little guessing how much the fish they caught were reckoned on for the meals; and when Colin was satisfied with his skill on the river he took him out shooting, letting him fire a few shots while he stood by. It was only by degrees that it dawned on the boy how much Colin did; he was piper, coachman, gardener, gamekeeper, butler and valet; and was sometimes known to turn his hand to cooking.

Besides a strong girl who was always scrubbing the kitchen if Jeanie looked in, Jeanie could discover no other servant except Nurse.

Aunt Effie spent the morning housekeeping, but if the English visitors had been with her they would have seen that she did many things, from cooking a meal to dusting a room. Probably this was why later in the day she often

rested quietly in her room, and seldom went out. At dinner in the evening she always wore a black velvet dress and lace cap, and sat at the end of the table with as much dignity as if all the ancient splendor of Glentyre surrounded her.

For many evenings Jeanie watched anxiously to see what joint would appear, and when she had almost given up hope of anything but game or rabbit, one day to her joy there was a leg of mutton. As soon as she could find her aunt alone afterwards, she said eagerly,—

“Oh, Aunt Effie, will you lend me the leg of mutton to-morrow?”

“Lend you the leg of mutton! My dear child, what in the world for?”

“Oh, Aunt Effie, we won’t hurt it in the least. If you like we will have it all indoors and you can look on, only do lend it to us.”

Perhaps Aunt Effie guessed, for she promised it on condition that whatever happened should take place before them all in the evening.

The next day was a time of great preparation and secrecy and about half-an-hour before dinner everyone was summoned to the dining-hall to see something. Colin and Nurse managed to be by the sideboard to watch the proceedings.

Jeanie in a long dress with lace ruffles sat at the end of the table, on her nose spectacles which remained there with great difficulty. She looked anxiously at the door till it opened to admit Mr. Forrest wearing a helmet and carrying a sword, leading Malcolm, clad in a dressing-gown which he wore inside out, showing its scarlet lining, while Jock walked on the other side, also carrying a sword and wearing a helmet which hid his face.

The chaplain bowed to Jeanie saying, "This, madam, is our prisoner, the Marquis of Montrose."

Jeanie endeavored to rise to her feet, but as she was mounted on a high chair she would have looked much shorter standing, to say nothing of the fact that the long skirt was

clinging round her feet ; so she remained where she was, bowing low and saying, "Welcome, noble sir."

Malcolm stifled his inclination to giggle, held the chaplain's hat against his breast and bowed.

"I pray thee be seated, fair Marquis," said Jeanie, pointing to the chair beside her, but the chaplain (in the person of Captain Holbourne) disregarded his hostess and installed Montrose between himself and Jock, who, nearly stifled by his helmet, was feeling his way to his chair.

Now came the moment which Jeanie had anticipated with so much delight.

She seized the leg of mutton in her hands and brandished it at Captain Holbourne's head, which he considerably held as low as possible or she could not have reached it. Her voice rose so as to fill the room, and Colin heard it with proud delight.

"Although the Marquis is a prisoner, I am the more resolved to support his rank when unfortunate, than if he had been victorious. In my house no one can take precedence of him."

A final swing of the joint towards the soldier made Bevis wonder whether he was to have a share in the proceedings, so he came up with an inquiring sniff.

"Bravo, Mrs. Gray," said Neil, "you are worthy of the Castle of Skibo. I should have made Mr. Forrest Montrose, and belabored Malcolm on the head. You would have reached him better."

"That's what we meant, first, but the dressing gown was too small, and the helmets are so big. Did you like it? Thank you so much for the leg of mutton, Aunt Effie. We waited so long for one that I was afraid I should let the secret out."

"You have done it very well," said Aunt Effie, "and after dinner I will ask Mr. Forrest to sing the 'Love Song' which Montrose wrote, for he was as great a poet as he was a soldier."

When the time came, Aunt Effie sat down to the old-fashioned spinnet, in the library, and played the accompaniment which requires no

mean musician, while the chaplain sang the famous song of one of the greatest characters in history:—

My dear and only love, I pray
This little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
Thy thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue.

Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has heart in store;
True love begun shall never end,—
Love *one* and love no more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Were never known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

The music had been so rapid, the voice so impassioned that no one spoke for a moment, then Neil murmured his thanks. Evidently the three elders had gone back to the days of Montrose and forgotten all else.

“The more I study his history,” said Mr. Forrest, “the more I am struck with the many sides of his character; perfect in courtesy and honor, invincible in arms, a scholar, poet and Christian gentleman, he is perhaps greatest of

all in never having his spirit crushed by defeat."

"Yes," said Neil, his eyes kindling, "do you remember when he was dressing for his execution his jailer asked him, 'Why is James Graham so careful of his looks?' and he replied, 'My head is still my own. I will arrange it to my taste. To-night when it will be yours, treat it as you please.' "

"I have often wondered," said Aunt Effie, "if there is any country in the world where so much charm and courage have been combined as in the chief characters in Scotland—Bruce, Queen Mary, Montrose, and Prince Charlie."

"I doubt it," said the chaplain.

"Tell the children, to-morrow, how Montrose went to his execution. We are Grahams," said the old lady proudly, "and it is well that they should know all about the greatest of the clan. You must go to bed now, dears. You have given us a very pleasant evening."

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As they went upstairs, Jock said to Malcolm,—

“I think Neil is rather like Montrose, don’t you?”

“Yes,” said the boy simply, “I have always thought so.”

The next day Mr. Forrest gave his pupils the outline of Montrose’s life, showing how his purpose was to save Scotland for King Charles I. How in this attempt he started with only two companions, Sir William Rollo and Colonel Sibbald, to raise an army in the Highlands. He told them how at the battle of Tippermuir Montrose’s army had three horses, and two thousand men, and each man had *one* round of ammunition, to fight against eight thousand well equipped infantry of the Covenanters, with sixteen troop of horse and nine pieces of cannon. Montrose’s final order was:—

“Spare your powder until you can fire right into the teeth of the enemy, with the front-rank kneeling, the second stooping, the third stand-

ing, then *charge in the name of God and the King.*"

This was done, and Montrose's army was entirely victorious, Tippermuir being the first of six victories and Kilsyth the last, where to show their contempt for their enemies, Argyll's men, the Highlanders fought in their shirts.

Montrose was the popular hero of the day, songs were made about him; he had entered Scotland alone, raised an army and inspired it with his own devoted loyalty to the King. Everywhere he left the tradition of heroic courage and personal charm. But when news came of the execution of the King, the spring of action was gone, Montrose was a broken-hearted man. There were terrible days and nights in which he wandered in the Highlands half-starved, pursued, and at last betrayed and sold by Macleod of Assynt.

"Then came the scene which you acted last night, as Holbourne conducted Montrose to Edinburgh. Outside the gate of Edinburgh the death-sentence was read. Jeanie," said the

chaplain, "give me the 'True Romances' which I lent you. I will read the description given there:—'He was now mounted upon a cart and conducted the whole length of Edinburgh. The "historic mile"—that length of street that rises from the Palace of Holyrood to the castle that crowns that great rock—was thronged with a mighty concourse. Many heroes, traitors, criminals, had passed up and down that steep, irregular street, but never so noble, so composed a prisoner. Urged and encouraged to be ready to offer any insult, any violence, to the traitor James Graham, and worked up to a fury of rage and excitement, the populace shouted as the procession approached. But when the sad and noble figure of Montrose was in their midst, the cursing and reviling died away, a deep hush fell upon the swaying crowd. Seated in the rough cart, bareheaded and pale, utterly at the mercy of his foes, he yet was a king among men, full of a strange dignity that lifted him above his fellows.' Argyll watched the procession from the balcony of Moray

House. Later, Montrose was brought before the Lords of Parliament, and before the sentence was read he said:—‘I desire to be used by you as a Christian man, to whom many among you are indebted for life and property, when by the fortune of war both were at my mercy. Proceed with me, my Lords, according to the laws of Heaven, of nature, and of nations, but chiefly those of our native Scotland; judging as you shall one day expect to be judged, when standing at the bar of Almighty God.’ He died the next day, having written out a dying speech which was thrown into the crowd. The document is still in existence; it ends thus:—

“ ‘What I did in this Kingdom was in obedience to the most just command of my sovereign and in his defense in the day of his distress against those who rose up against him. I acknowledge nothing, but *fear God and honor the King*. . . . For the late King, he lived a saint and died a martyr. I pray God I may end as he did. If ever I should wish my soul in another man’s stead, it should be in his. . . . I

have no more to say but that I desire your charity and prayers. And I shall pray for you all. I leave my soul to God, my service to my Prince, my good will to my friends, my love and charity to you all.' After his death, his body was disgraced and scattered to various places, but ten years later his bones were gathered and buried in St. Giles' at Edinburgh with every sign of respect and admiration. There, to-day, you see the monument which Scotland raised to his honor, the beautiful calm figure holding the gilded sword. 'Beneath that perfect marble rest the remains of Montrose, but his real monument is in the hearts of the Scottish people. He has left as an inheritance to his race the spirit of a true patriot, a lofty standard of soldierly honor, and immortal traditions of chivalrous loyalty.' "

The chaplain's voice ceased and for a moment the only sound was the pleasant summer song of birds and hum of insects outside; then Jeanie said, thinking of her cousins:—

"It is a great honor to be a Graham, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the Chaplain, "an honor which you all share; but remember it is also a responsibility."

"Perhaps," said Malcolm quaintly, "that is why our motto is *Ne oublie*."

CHAPTER VI

ST. ANDREWS

VISITORS were not very frequent at Glentyre, and fortunately their approach was generally seen while they were a long way off, which gave Colin time to leave the peat he was stacking or the wood he was cutting and wash his hands, ready to open the door as if the receiving of visitors were his only occupation all day. Or if he were away Malcolm would be strolling near the house and bring them in.

One day a certain Mr. Murray called, a special friend of Neil's, and while he was taken into the study his two daughters were left in the library, whither Jeanie had escorted them, knowing that Malcolm and Colin were out fishing.

"Aunt Effie will be back in a minute," said

the little girl, feeling that she must entertain the guests, and at that moment Mr. Forrest went by the window.

"Who is that?" asked one of the girls, regardless of Jeanie, whom she considered too young to notice anything.

"The chaplain, I suppose," said the other. "The Laird of Glentyre is an Episcopalian, you know."

The color rushed into Jeanie's face, but for a moment she set her teeth firmly and was silent; then she slid from her chair and stood in front of the last speaker, her blue eyes indignant, her hands clenched in her effort to keep calm.

"P'raps you didn't notice me," she said, "but I'm the Laird's cousin, and I don't think you ought to call him names before me. I don't mean to be rude, but I don't think you should call him names in his own house when he can't be here because he is so afflicted, but he's just the cleverest, splendidest laird in all Scotland, with his glorious morning face."

She ended with something like a sob, and the young lady began to explain.

"I really did not call him names," she said. "I wouldn't do such a thing for the world. Ask the chaplain to explain what I meant," she added hurriedly as Aunt Effie came back; and unable to bear another word Jeanie slipped out of the room and rushed up the tower staircase.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Forrest as she sank down, a small disconsolate heap on the hearthrug and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she gasped, trying hard not to cry, "I can't bear it—to insult Neil in his own castle, and he a Montrose."

"Who has insulted Neil?" said Mr. Forrest quickly.

"Those ladies downstairs—I'm not telling tales, because they told me to ask you."

"Well, try to speak slowly, and tell me what happened."

"It was just as you went by the window," said Jeanie, catching her breath, "one of them

said 'The Laird is a pigsty paling.' * I remembered what you said and I shut my mouth hard, but you see this was different. It wasn't me, it was Neil. I tried not to be rude, but I said I was his cousin and I didn't think they should call him names because he was afflicted, and he was the best laird in Scotland, Nurse says so, and—"

It took the chaplain some shutting of his mouth to keep from laughing; he would not speak till he could do so gravely; now he broke in,—

"Yes, Jeanie, I quite understand, and I will explain it. The word was not quite what you thought. They said that Neil was an Episcopalian. Ah, here is Jock, I will explain it to both of you. Perhaps I should have done so before."

Jock was told how matters stood, then the

¹ If Jeanie had been a little American girl she would not have made this queer mistake, but in England members of the Anglican Church are not usually called Episcopalians. The word used by the Scotch ladies was new to her.

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chaplain asked him if he knew the Latin for Bishop.

It was not to be expected that he did, especially in the middle of the afternoon when no one was thinking of lessons.

“It is *Episcopus*,” said Mr. Forrest. “Try to remember that, while I explain. You have learnt something about the wars and troubles in Scotland. Well, in some of them there was strong feeling about differences in religion. In England in Henry VIII.’s reign there was what is called the Reformation, which did away with some modern abuses which had come into the church, and left the church, as people hoped, purified. In Scotland things were different, the people drove out the Bishops and got possession of the Churches. In the Cathedral of St. Mungo in Glasgow, to-day, they do not have the old service which they had when the Cathedral was built, and it is the same in every parish Church in Scotland. Instead of having three orders of ministers, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, their chief minister is a

Presbyter, so they are called Presbyterians, ours is a Bishop—what is the Latin?”

“Episcopus,” said Jock, while a smile came over Jeanie’s face.

“So our form of Church government is Episcopalian. But you see, all the churches were taken away, so when the old service was restored, the people in Scotland had, as a rule, to build new churches. In this castle there has always been a chapel, and the service we have now is the same as it was hundreds of years ago, and if St. Columba came to life and put up here for a night—”

“Oh, I wish he would,” said Jeanie.

“He would feel quite at home in the service, but if he went to the Parish Church of Carmoyes, where the steward and his family go every Sunday, if they let him take part of the service, he would feel terribly puzzled, for they have a service that was only started about the year 1643, and St. Columba would wonder what was coming next. Not that St. Columba was a Bishop. He was Abbot of Iona and a

wonderful missionary, and he died about the time that St. Augustine went from Rome to preach to the Saxons in Kent. There is a legend that Christianity was first brought to Scotland by St. Regulus, a Greek, who brought with him a relic of St. Andrew, the Apostle, lately martyred. These Greek missionaries were wrecked near the place where St. Andrew's now stands. But we get much clearer history when we come to St. Ninian, who was born about the year 300 and was consecrated Bishop. From that day to this the Bishops have continued in Scotland, and if you travel about the country you will see many interesting ruins of old monasteries and churches, and of these monasteries it is said that they were 'the schools of education.' But to-day by far the greater number of the Scots are Presbyterians. So you see, when Miss Murray said that Neil was an Episcopalian, what she really meant was this:— 'Neil and you and I belong to the church as it was in the Apostles' days with three orders of Ministers, of which the Bishop is the chief'

—if she had said all that you would have understood, but as she used a Latin word you were puzzled. After all,” he added, “it is generally words that give offense.”

“I thought,” said Jeanie, “that she called Neil a pigsty paling,” and they all laughed, after which, at the chaplain’s proposal, they all went down, lest Miss Murray should think Jeanie was still offended.

Aunt Effie was giving the visitors tea, and years after when Jeanie looked back upon this visit to Scotland and understood many things about which she did not now concern herself, she always remembered the quiet dignity with which Aunt Effie offered whatever she had, never apologizing for what she had not.

Jock had found out many things which he had not told his sister. However early he was up in the morning, Malcolm was always before him, out of doors sawing wood or stacking peat or helping Colin in a hundred ways, yet he always appeared at breakfast, fresh and silent as if he had just come down,

His quiet industry was a great contrast to Jeanie's pleasant eloquence.

And while the children learned and played in the happy Scottish home, far away under a cloudless sky their father was regaining health and strength, and their mother said many times a day, "I wonder what they are doing now at Glentyre."

But happily for her, as for all of us, she could not know all that would happen in the days that were to come.

CHAPTER VII

SCOTLAND FOREVER

“COME in,” said Neil, one morning, as Jock looked into his study. “What I am doing to-day will specially interest you, as I suppose one day you hope to be a soldier.”

“Yes,” said Jock with enthusiasm.

“Well, I have been reading up all I can find about the regiments that are Scottish. Hand me that picture. You see it is a copy of a famous painting, *The Battle for the Standard*, which now hangs in the Hall of the Chelsea Hospital. Have you ever been there?”

“I think not.”

“It is a place where old soldiers end their days. Try to go there when you get home. You see Sergeant Ewart of the Scots Grays is capturing the Eagle which belonged to Napoleon. It happened at the Battle of Waterloo,

and is one of the many honors won by the Scots Grays—you have seen them?”

“Oh, yes,” cried the boy, “I have seen them on their splendid gray horses.”

“Yet,” said Neil, “the name came originally from the gray coats they wore when Sir Thomas Dalzell first enrolled them in 1681. They were called at that time ‘Gray Dragoons.’ There has hardly been a war in which they have not distinguished themselves and yet—”

“What?” said Jock as he paused.

“Perhaps I ought not to say it to you but we Scots feel a little sore sometimes. When men talk over battles, you are all apt to say, ‘The English won this,’ and ‘The English won that,’ leaving Scotland out of your calculations. Take even the Relief of Kimberley in the South African War: didn’t the Scots Grays have a share of that? And what about the Indian Mutiny when the Sepoys fled before the kilted Highlanders as they had never fled before? We like to be a little bit remembered, lad—die.”

"I don't know much about it," said Jock gently.

"Not yet, but you will some day, and when men sit round talking of victories, and say England, try sometimes to turn it into Britain. You see it isn't only Scotland that gets left out, there is Ireland and the Dominions beyond the sea. Where should we have been in the South African War without the Canadians?"

"I do know about that," said Jock heartily, "for one day a friend from the War Office came in to see father, and he said that the Canadians were of so much use that twice they were recalled for active service after they had actually got on board ship at Capetown to go home."

"Yes. Well, when you get into the Army, take the trouble to find out how many regiments are Scottish, and you may be surprised to find that the 7th Hussars was originally. One day you will see one of the great pictures of the world by Lady Butler, the charge of the Scots Grays at Waterloo. They are dashing into

the fight with the splendid 92nd Gordon Highlanders beside them, clinging to the horsemen's stirrups, uttering the triumphant shout—
'Scotland forever!' "

"I have seen a print of that," said Jock.

"Perhaps Malcolm may join them one day," said Neil wistfully; and something in his tone broke through Jock's reserve and made him say,—

"Oh, Neil, I wish you could."

"I wish I could," said his cousin; then for a time there was a silence.

It was broken at last by Neil's saying half apologetically,—

"We were aye a fighting race, laddie. 'The gallant Grahams' was the old name; but there's plenty to fight against without going to battle. Now, shall we get these things straight? The soldier pictures in one heap, the Waverley novels which are about wars, at that end, and all my own notes in this folio. Things have a way of slipping beyond my reach. We like to think that Scotland never fought for self-

aggrandizement; she always fought for ideas, for a person—”

“Yes,” said Jock, “but all the people you fought for had such dreadful difficulties and troubles. They tried so hard, but they nearly all failed at last.”

Mr. Forrest had come into the room behind him.

“Yes, Jock,” he said, “but they never failed to try, and that is the only real failure. Bruce, King Malcolm, Mary Queen of Scots, Montrose, Bonnie Prince Charlie,—it is not failure that we connect with their names, but dauntless courage, cheerfulness in suffering and a hope that was never crushed. You will not understand it now,” he said, as Jock began to frown as he always did when he was thinking hard, “but one day you will see that it is the character of its people which really makes a country great. If you like to come for a ride with me this afternoon I will show you something that is worth seeing.”

Jock thanked him, and after luncheon they

started on horseback, riding over the moors, glorious with heather, crossing the river where the water was low among the big boulders, and then climbing up, up till the country lay before them like a huge picture.

At last they came to a rough wall inclosing a burial ground, and leaving the horses outside, they went in and looked at the headstones.

"Cameron, V. C., Captain," read the chaplain, "Donald Ogilvy, M. D.; James Forbes, Professor in Edinburgh University; look round; you will see a dozen such names. They were all boys from cotters' homes who worked their way up and came to the front, but they came home at last for burial. There is no false shame in the Scotsman. However high he may rise he comes back to his people, and is just their own laddie. We will go into a cottage presently, and you will see what the home is like where these boys first lived and from which they tramped over the hills, often barefoot, to school. You can fancy the family sitting round in the evening, the father read-

ing from the Book, the children reverent and attentive. There is much real religion and sense of duty here, and the first answer in the shorter catechism of the Presbyterians which every child knows by heart, is very fine: 'Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.' The cottages are small and the people are poor, but they know not only the Bible, but the poetry of Burns and the writings of Sir Walter Scott in a wonderful manner. Now we will come in to see Captain Cameron's mother, and you shall judge for yourself."

They went a little farther and Mr. Forrest knocked at a cottage door which was at once opened by an old woman.

"Come awa' ben," she said, "and hoo's Gentyre the day?"

"He is well, thank you," said Mr. Forrest. "This is his cousin from England, Jock Ellison. His father is in the Army."

She looked at the boy eagerly—

"He's living?" she asked—

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"Oh, yes," he said.

"Ay; but my laddie cam' hame to dee—ye've heerd tell o' the Scots Grays?"

"Of course, I have," cried Jock, "and I've seen them, too, on their splendid gray horses. Father knew some of them."

"Then maybe he wud ken Captain Cameron, V. C.?"

She had motioned Jock to the settee near the fire, in front of which a tabby cat slept peacefully, and Mr. Forrest took the proffered chair.

"I daresay he did," said Jock heartily. "He would *want* to know him as he was so brave."

"Brave," said the old woman proudly, "he was brave. Here he is as a wee bit laddie," and she reached down an old framed photograph, "and there he is, when he ga'ed awa' to college and this is him in his grand uniform; eh, but he looked brave! Ye'el have heerd tell o' the siege o' Kimberley, laddie?"

"Yes, and I've heard what the Scots Grays did there."

"'Twas all i' the papers," said the old woman.

“Jeanie McIntyre cried it in to me frae Carmoyes, and the Laird sent me *The Scotsman* paper to read a’ they said o’ my laddie. It was just awfu’ grand. But he just cam’ hame to dee far awa’ in London, and they brought him hame here for his buryin’. He would ha’ been gey lanesome in ony London kirk yaird, and a’ his freens cam’ doon wi’ their uniforms and swords—’twas the speak o’ the hail parish. And one there came frae the King wi’ a word for me o’ Duncan. That’s the creepie my laddie aye sat on by the hairth when he was a wean. Eh, but ye’ll taste my girdle scones and bannocks before ye gang?”

She bustled about getting them refreshments, while Jock, his tongue unloosed, told her of various military reviews he had seen; and if she did not quite understand all that he said, she liked to hear him talk.

“Ye’ll come again,” she said when they took their leave, “and I’ll show you his bits o’ things—his first wee copy-book, and the bonnie work-box he brought me frae the toon. Step across

to the kirk yaird, laddie, and you'll see his grave, Captain Cameron, V. C. Eh, but they brought me hame the cross, did the gentleman that the King sent, he brought it tae me knowing I was his mither—and—maybe I'll no be lang, i' followin' him!"

"Some day," said Jock, "when my father comes home, he will like to come and see you too. Good-by, thank you so much."

"Eh, but ye hae' the ways o' my laddie," said the old woman, smoothing his hair back from his forehead; and she stood in the doorway watching them till they were out of sight.

They rode down the mountain side, leaving the horses to pick their way, while occasionally a rabbit scurried from the heather to hide itself in its burrow, or the grouse rose on strong, swift wing and grew small in the distance against the clear blue sky, or a lark sang ecstatically overhead where it hung on quivering wings; but the boy did not speak, for he had come face to face with the splendor and mystery

of life—sacrifice and death and a mother's love
—and when God shows us these things we must
needs keep silence.

CHAPTER VIII

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

“**T**ELL me,” said Jeanie to Nurse one day, “what you did when you were a little girl. Were you here helping to hide Bonnie Prince Charlie, or was that even before your time?”

“It was before my time, dearie. I did not live here when I was a wee bairn, I lived away up in the highlands.”

“And went to school every day, I suppose, carrying your books in a square satchel as I see the children doing now, only the boys have theirs strapped on their backs.”

“’Twas little I had of schoolin, lassie. I was a wee bairn of ten when I went to work at a farm, and I did just everything. I ha’ broken the ice on the burn to wash the clothes in; and cooked and scrubbed and tended the chickens.”

"When you were younger than I am?"

"Aye, I was younger than you, an' they sent me to and frae the toon on errands. 'Twas only the tinkers I was afeard of; they frighted me awfu'!"

"Who were the tinkers?" asked Jeanie, turning over the contents of Nurse's workbox and twisting up ends of tape.

"Just travelin' folk along the road. They would rob me of everything if they could catch me, and when I saw them coming I just hid in the heather till they were away. Not the real gipsies, but just men on the road."

"And weren't you afraid of the long-horned cattle?"

But Nurse answered, "What for would the Hieland cattle hurt a wee bairn? Nay, there was no but the tinkers an' the fairies."

"The fairies," cried Jeanie, "oh, have you seen a fairy?"

"A body canna say all that's been seen," said Nurse wisely. "An' the fairies bide farther away, up in the Hielands."

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“What are they like?” asked the little girl.

Nurse put down her work, opened a drawer, and got out a brown book.

“This was my father’s,” she said cautiously. “I am not owre clever at the reading, but you may read it aloud, only you must not take it away.”

Jeanie read a description of the fairies with great satisfaction, the little people with eyes sparkling as the brightest of the stars, lips like coral, teeth like ivory, beautiful fair hair in ringlets, wearing robes of green. The words of the book were long and uncommon, but neither Jeanie nor Nurse was at all critical as to pronunciation, and she read all that was said about fairies before she would give back the volume.

When next she was alone with Jock she tried to interest him in the fairies, but he declared that they had no existence.

“I could tell you heaps of stories,” said Jeanie, “of what they have done. They look like seals when they are in the water, but the

worst thing about them is that they sometimes take away a child and leave a fairy child in his place called a stock. Then the stock gets ill or dies, and the family thinks that it is their child. There are only a few things you can do—the mother can say a blessing, then the fairies have no more power. Neil used to be quite well,” went on Jeanie, “till he was four years old, then—”

“Jeanie,” burst in Jock, his face aflame with anger, “you should not let Nurse say those things to you about Neil. You know Mother would not like it,” and he walked away without waiting for her reply.

“How stupid of him,” thought Jeanie. “I could have told him so many things, but boys don’t believe things, or they say they don’t.”

She looked critically at Neil that night, wondering if he were a fairy substitute, and if the real Neil was far away in fairyland.

“Well, Jeanie,” he said at last, “what is it? Are you taking stock of my dress?”

She grew red and murmured something,

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then he told her to come over to the sofa and examine his things. The dirk which hung from his hip was found to contain a knife and fork, and he told her that the black knife worn inside the stocking was known as the *Skian Dhu*.

"It is your lace tie which looks so nice in the evening," said Jeanie. "Father only wears a white tie."

"Ah, Jeanie, wait till you see the games, to see how braw the Scots can look. If you were at Braemar you would see the gathering of the clans—first the Stuarts from Balmoral, then the Duffs, and then the Farquharsons. They all form up in order with the pipers playing, and on those occasions we all wear our plaids."

"Are we going to the games?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, but not to Braemar, that is too far off; our games are nearer."

Eagerly, the next day, Jock questioned Colin. "Would the Laird go?"

But the piper shook his head. The late Laird was the last Glentyre to be at the games.

"And our clansmen, do they go?" asked the boy.

"The Glentyre men are no sae bad," said the man. "Macrae can throw the hammer wi' ony o' them. Ye'll ha' seen Macrae throw the hammer?"

Jock nodded.

"And you, Colin?"

"Eh, but my day for throwin' is over; I'm just the piper."

Jock looked out across the hills and wondered how things had been when Colin was young. The natural beauty was so great round the castle that it mattered little that the garden had long ago ceased to be cultivated. In front of the house was a large paved sweep, on which the horses' hoofs clattered noisily, and the tower of the castle was built on a solid rock. Trees of many kinds grew near the house, a small loch containing an island lay down below; the country beyond seemed an

unlimited stretch of woods and mountains with no boundary but the sky. There were few rules at Glentyre, yet the children learned that no one was to enter the boat on the loch who could not swim.

“Then we must learn to swim,” said Jeanie decidedly, “because this boat and the island are just made for Prince Charlie.”

When once the learning was accomplished, many escapes took place by boat, and a rough shelter was constructed on the island which served for various places. At first it was the Island of Eriskay, and Jeanie, personating Angus Macdonald, was seated in the hut when the boat arrived bringing two visitors, one of whom could be seen to be Prince Charlie by the fact that he wore the dressing-gown inside out; the other personated the six gentlemen from France who escorted him to his own kingdom in the hope of winning back the crown for his father, who was son of King James II.

Angus Macdonald busied himself in preparing a meal for his guests, proclaiming that he

was a Jacobite and was quite prepared to fight. It was well that Angus had the gift of eloquence, as the Prince and his retinue were strangely silent.

When the meal was ready, Angus, with his head turned away to hide the fact that he was reading out of a book, declaimed the following poem:— *

There cam' a wee boatie owre the sea,
 Wi' the winds an' waves it strove sairly;
 But oh! it brought great joy to me,
 For wha was there but Prince Charlie.
 The wind was hie, and unco' chill,
 An' a' things luiket barely;
 But oh! we cam' with right good-will
 To welcome bonnie Charlie.

Wae's me, puir lad, ye're thinly clad,
 The waves yere fair hair weeting;
 We'll row ye in a tartan plaid,
 An' gie ye Scotland's greeting.
 Though wild an' bleak the prospect round,
 We'll cheer yere heart, dear Charlie;
 Ye're landed now on Scottish ground,
 Wi' them wha lo'e ye dearlie.

* Lady Nairne.

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O lang we've prayed to see this day;
True hearts they maist were breaking;
Now clouds an' storms will flee away,
Young hope again is waking.
We'll sound the Gathering, lang an' loud,
Yere friends will greet ye fairlie;
Tho' now they're few, their hearts are true;
They'll live or die for Charlie.

"I am grateful for your welcome," said the Prince, pausing over the apple he was eating, "but if this is 'unco' chill,' I should like to know what your hot weather is like, nor would it have occurred to me that I was 'thinly clad.' "

Jock glanced at the dressing-gown over the kilt, and burst out laughing.

"Oh, don't," said Jeanie, "or you will spoil it all. We mustn't laugh. When we pretend, it is the pretense that is real. Your Royal Highness, I caught this dried haddock this morning; taste a wee bit; they don't grow on the French coast. Then we'll rouse the clans.

The gay Gordons
The gallant Grahams

The handsome Hays
The haughty Hamiltons
The bauld Frasers,
The light Lindsays
The proud Setons
The brave Macdonalds
The fiery Macintoshes
The proud MacNeills
The angry Kerrs
The trusty Boyds
The sturdy Armstrongs
The lucky Duffs

“Jeanie,” said Malcolm as she paused for breath, “where do you learn all these things?”

“Oh, you can learn anything if you keep your eyes and ears open. I have found some books, and Nurse tells me heaps of things. So does Colin and Macrae when I am down there. Besides, sometimes when Aunt Effie is resting she takes me into her room and tells me stories, or sings me songs, especially those written by Lady Nairne. That was one of Lady Nairne’s which I said to you. She was very secret, rather like Sir Walter Scott, and people didn’t

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know at the time that she wrote poems; sometimes they thought that Burns wrote them, especially 'The Land of the Leal.' "

"Yes," said Malcolm, "I thought that Burns wrote it."

"Well, he didn't. Lady Nairne's poems were so famous that they put a large cross up after her death, bearing these words, 'Her songs lack death.' I'll sing you one if you like; at least, I can only remember the first verse, and you must join in the chorus."

Then Jeanie sang, rolling her r's in true Scottish fashion,—

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

And the boys joined in the chorus, their voices ringing out across the water,—

Oh, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling.
Oh, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

CHAPTER IX

THE ISLE OF REST

THE island on the loch now became the scene of many royal functions. At one time it was France, and Mary, Queen of Scots, married the Dauphin Francis.

As the dresses at their disposal were neither numerous nor costly, Jeanie read aloud from some of her books the description of the scene that was to be acted, then they all knew what they were supposed to see.

“She was dressed in a robe whiter than the lily,” she chanted, “but so glorious in its fashion and decorations that it would be difficult, nay impossible, for any pen to do it justice. Her royal mantle and train were of bluish-gray cut velvet, embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvelous length, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies.”

Jeanie saw it all, the splendor of the cathedral of Notre Dame, and the handfuls of gold thrown to the crowds. It was well that Queen Mary had a little grandeur and happiness, for she returned to Scotland and the days grew sad.

Now the island became Holyrood, and Mary was seated at supper when Lord Ruthven came in with a sword to murder Riccio. There were struggles and cries, the Queen tried in vain to ward off the blows, and poor Riccio fell dead.

Truth to say, this was the scene which the boys enjoyed most of all, and they hit each other to their hearts' content.

But the Queen was left amid treachery and finally became a prisoner. Her escape from Lochleven Castle was so full of adventure that it was acted more than once, and the boys took the part of "Foundling Willie" by turns.

The Queen was strolling sadly in the castle when Willie came to her, saying,—

"Madam, if you will try to escape, I will help



STROLLING

SADLY IN THE CASTLE



you. There is a postern-gate by which we go out in one of the boats. I will bring you the key of the gate when the boat is ready, and I will go with you."

"My little friend," said the Queen, "this is very good of you, but tell no one, or we are ruined. One day I will make you very great and happy."

Sir William Douglas sat at supper in the great hall with the keys beside him, over which Willie, who was waiting, dropped a napkin, and in picking it up took the keys also. At once he ran to the Queen's apartments, and she had changed her clothes, and together they unlocked the doors of the castle, locking them behind them as they fled. They jumped into the boat and each took an oar, while Bevis, who to this moment had been held by the collar by whichever boy was on the island, enacted Jane Kennedy and jumped into the water after them.

But Bevis could not personate the Queen's little dog on the scaffold, for the folds of the

longest dress which Jeanie could borrow would in nowise hide his long legs.

"I don't think we ought to act the execution," said Malcolm bluntly.

"Why not?" asked Jeanie.

"Well, partly because it was such an awful thing of Elizabeth to allow, and partly," he flushed a rosy red, "it is too religious."

"Do you like this?" said Jeanie.

From the ire of the Drummonds,
From the pride of the Grahams,
From the greed of the Campbells,
From the wind of the Murrays,
Good Lord, deliver us.

"Jeanie," cried the boys, "you do get hold of the most extraordinary things."

"Nurse taught me that. It is the grace of some old Laird. And you must never hand a loaf bottom upward to a Menteith, because that is how Sir John Menteith betrayed Wallace. I should like best to be a Stewart, then I should be related to Queen Mary and Bonnie Prince Charlie."

“We have a proverb,” said Malcolm, “‘the Stewarts, the race of kings and tinkers.’ I expect that there are other clans quite as near royalty, such as the Erskines and the Malcolms.”

So, as they talked and played, they learned unconsciously what it meant to belong to Scotland, and Mr. Forrest gave them books which supplied ever new material for their games. Jeanie was the one to pick out the points of interest from these books for the benefit of the boys, skipping the dull details and deciding what could be acted.

“I’ve got a new book,” she proclaimed one day, “and it’s you, Malcolm, that is gey stupid not to have found it before, because it tells the history of John Grahame of Claverhouse, and listen, ‘He was connected by intermarriage with the blood-royal of Scotland.’ Did you know that, and are you connected with the Royal Family?”

“If we are,” said Malcolm, “you are, too.”

"And you can sit there, and look as if nothing has happened!" cried Jeanie.

"Nothing has happened, lately," said the boy. "All that made the greatness of our clan happened long ago."

"Well, I will tell you about him. He seems to have been as charming and clever and brave as Montrose. Perhaps all Grahames are made like that?"

Malcolm stared in front of him, but said nothing. They were seated in the boat beside their island. Then Jeanie told them how Claverhouse saved the life of the Prince of Orange, in battle, when his horse was killed, and gave him his own horse. The Prince promised to give him the next regiment that fell vacant, but he did not keep his word. Then Claverhouse was made Lord of Dundee, and the Highlanders called him "Dark John of the Battles." Of course he was loyal to Prince Charlie, and he led his men into a tremendous battle. He was standing up in his stirrups and urging his men on when he was struck

down. "Whilst Dundee survived," read Jeanie, "Scotland at least was not lost to the Stuarts, but with his fall the enterprise was over." He was buried in the Church of Blair of Atholl, and there is a splendid poem here. Shall I read you a bit?"

"If you like," said the boys, and Jeanie read in triumphant tones:—

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphant music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day.
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!

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Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Graeme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!

"There," said Jeanie, shutting up the book, "you can read the rest for yourselves. It's called *The Burial March of Dundee*, and Aytoun wrote it."

"Colin sings a song about him," said Malcolm. "We might ask him to sing it; *Bonnie Dundee*. I don't know that he will, but if you like to row across, we'll try."

“Did Aytoun write that, too?”

“No, I think Sir Walter Scott wrote it.”

Some persuasion had to be used; then Colin,
who was cleaning harness outside the stable,
sang with spirit,—

To the Lords of Convention ’twas Claverhouse spoke,
Ere the King’s Crown go down there are crowns to
be broke,

Then each cavalier that loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

And the children, led by Malcolm, joined in
the chorus:—

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it’s up wi’ the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are
beat,

But the provost (douce man) said, “Just e’en let it be
For the town is well rid o’ that de’il o’ Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,

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If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the
north;

There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times
three,

Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble false Whigs in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Jeanie's shrill voice led the chorus now,—

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

The clapping and applause were borne on
the still summer day in at the open window
where Aunt Effie sat at work, and she smiled
as she said to herself,—

"The spirit of the Grahams is not dead yet.
Ah, they will all do more in the world than my
poor Neil."

But if Aunt Effie could have looked into the

future she would have been greatly surprised. Later she said to them,—

“I heard you singing *Dundee*. There is a pretty story told of Sir Walter Scott with regard to it. His son had married a gentle girl who was terribly shy when her husband’s fellow-officers and friends came to the house. Sir Walter, who understood how things were, gave her this song, saying, ‘Now when anyone comes to the house you can say, “Have you seen this new song which my father-in-law wrote?”’ So the young wife had a topic given her which at once made everyone talk.”

“What a nice father-in-law!” said Jeanie.

“Everything was nice about him,” said Aunt Effie, “and if you come to my room this afternoon I will tell you the story of him and his Pet Marjorie.”

CHAPTER X

PET MARJORIE

AUNT EFFIE told the story of Marjorie Fleming, the child friend of Sir Walter Scott, who was born in 1803 and died in 1811. Marjorie had no children's books, but her father read aloud to her from the best authors. At the age of five she began to keep a journal, in which we learn that England is at war with France, and many other things; but in giving a few extracts we must not try to copy the spelling, though probably those of us who are only five could not spell half as well.

"Tis a fine book Newton on the profecies I wonder if another book of poems comes near the bible; the Divel always grins at the sight of the bibles; bibles did I say? nay at the word virtue I should like to learn Astron-

omy and Geography; an annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of; I am a Pispikian just now and a Prisbeteren at Kercaldy my native town which though dirty is clein in the country; sentiment is what I am not acquainted with though I wish it and should like to practice it. The English have great power over the French; Ah me peradventure, at this moment some noble Colnel at this moment sinks to the ground without breath; and in convulsive pangs dies; it is a melancholy consideration."

Marjorie had a cousin, Isa Keith, to whom she was devoted, and at the age of six she wrote this poem:—

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed
With a nightcap on her head.
Her skin is soft her face is fair
And she has very pretty hair.
She and I in bed lies nice
And undisturbed by rats and mice.
She is disgusted with Mr. Wurgan
Though he plays upon the organ.

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A not of ribans on her head
Her cheak is tinged with conscious red
Her head it rests upon a pilly
And she is not so very silly
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white
Her eyes are very very bright
In a conspicuos town she lives
And to the poor her money gives
Here ends sweet Isabellas story
And may it be much to her glory.

Jock and Jeanie had to read this poem to see the spelling; then Aunt Effie said:—

“The poem I like best is the one about the death of some turkeys of which Marjorie had written in her journal:—

“‘I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young Turkie of 2 or 3 month old would you believe it the father broak its leg and he killed another I think he should be transported or hanged. Will the Sarvent has buried the Turkie and put a toместon and written, this is in memory of the young Turke.’

“Now for the poem:—

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed
And now this world for ever leaved.
Their father and their mother too
Will sigh and weep as well as you
Mourning for their osprings fair
Whom they did nurse with tender care.
Indeed the rats their bones have crunched
To eternity are they launched
There graceful form and pretty eyes
Their fellow fows did not despise
A direful death indeed they had
That would put any parent mad
But she was more than usual calm
She is as gentel as a lamb
Here ends this melancholy lay
Farewell Poor Turkeys I must say.

Evidently the writer has forgotten that Papa Turkey killed his children.

When you go to Edinburgh you can see the house in Castle Street, Number 39, where Sir Walter Scott lived. This is an account of his friendship with Marjorie, written by Dr. John Brown, whose book, *Rab and His Friends*, you will read one day.

“Sir Walter ran one winter day into the Keiths’ house calling, ‘Marjorie! where are ye, my bonnie wee croodling doo?’ In a moment a bright, sage child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mr. Keith.

“‘Come yer ways in, Wattie.’

“‘No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi’ me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy’s Sedan and bring the bairn home in your lap.’

“‘Mrs. Keith protested that it was snowing, but—

“‘Hoot, awa’! look here,’ and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs—(the true shepherd’s plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke).

“‘Tak’ yer lamb,’ said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid-neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb. . . . They came to his house

and she gave him his new lesson, timing it upon her small fingers,—he saying it after her,—

Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven
Alibi, crakaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out.

“Sir Walter pretended that he had great difficulty in learning this, and she rebuked him. Then he read poetry to her, or they repeated scenes from *King John*. The year before she died she was at a Twelfth Night supper in Scott’s house. He was dull till she arrived. Then the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman, Jougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there sat Marjorie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy.

“‘Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you.’

“You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and sat her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance’s speeches and *Helvellyn*, Scott showing her off, and being often rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.”

“Some day,” said Aunt Effie, “you can read the whole account of Pet Marjorie. Dr. John Brown himself was a famous man, and he had a special affection for dogs. One day when he was driving with a friend he looked out of the carriage window with great interest and his friend asked, ‘Do you see someone you know?’

“‘No,’ said Dr. Brown, ‘but I see a dog that I do not know, which is much more exciting.’”

“Thank you, Aunt Effie,” said Jeanie. “I should like to read all Marjorie’s journal.”

“She must have picked up sentences which

her elders used, for at five years old she writes,—

“ ‘Mercandile Afares are in a perilous situation.’ The French prisoners were then in Edinburgh Castle, and few books are more interesting than *St. Ives*, which Stevenson has written of that time. Marjorie’s reading seems to have been varied, for she writes: ‘There is a book that is called the Newgate Calendar that contains all the Murders: all the Murders did I say, nay all Thefts and Forgeries that ever were committed, and fills me with horror and consternation.’ ”

“She feels much for the troubles of others and writes, ‘A sailor called here to say farewell, it must be dreadfull to leave his native country, where he might get a wife or perhaps me, for I love him very much and with all my heart, but O I forgot Isabella forbid me to speak about love.’ ”

What would you who have so many books now, think of Marjorie’s reading?

“ ‘Tomson is a beautiful author and Pope

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but nothing is like Shakespear of which I have a little knowledge of An unfortunate death James the 5 had, for he died of greif. Macbeth is a pretty composition but awful one Macbeth is so bad and wicked, but Lady Macbeth is so hardened in guilt she does not mind her sins and faults. No.' ”

“I suppose,” said Aunt Effie, “that no child’s journal has ever been so widely read as Pet Marjorie’s, and wherever the name of Sir Walter Scott is known there will be known the story of his child friend.”

“There was another little girl,” said Jeanie, “named Grizel, that Mr. Forrest told us about.”

“Oh, yes. Her father was Sir Patrick Horne, and in warlike times he had to take refuge in a vault under the church. There he lived in darkness among the coffins, and at night his little daughter of twelve, Grizel, brought him what food she could get. It was not easy to get this food, for the other children were too young to be trusted not to repeat

things. So Grizel pretended to have a prodigious appetite, and ate so much that her little brothers complained of her.

“‘Look at Grizel, Mother,’ said little Sandy. ‘While we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up the sheep’s head.’”

“What she had really done was to slip the sheep’s head into her lap, and when it was dark she felt her way among the tombs and went down into the vault with her father’s dinner, making him laugh at what Sandy had said. Afterwards he was brought into the house, where Grizel and her mother made a hole beneath what was called a box bed, placed in a recess in the wall, and put a mattress there, covering it over with a lid, so that on any alarm he might lie hidden there. Poor Grizel’s nails were terribly torn by this work. At last her father escaped to Holland; but before her nightly visits to the vaults she had been sent on a secret errand to Baillie of Jerviswood in the Tolbooth, the prison of Edinburgh, before his execution, and brought back his last instruc-

tions at the risk of her life, through the disturbed country. Mr. Oliphant has written, 'It takes a great deal to crush a country which has children like this.' "

The audience was silent for a few minutes, then Jeanie said,—

"I should have minded the dark most in the churchyard, shouldn't you, Jock?"

But whatever Jock's thoughts were, he kept silent.

CHAPTER XI

THE GAMES

THE time had now come when little was talked about but the Games to which the whole countryside would go; and great were the preparations that were made. A new Highland suit arrived for Malcolm, at which he looked with a grave face.

“Eh, laddie,” said Neil, “you will represent Glentyre that day.” But Malcolm rushed away, unable to bear the thought.

Oh, if Neil might have been there with all his men, Malcolm would willingly have worn his shabbiest kilt. It was some consolation to go down to Macrae’s to see him practice throwing the hammer, for Malcolm’s heart was sore for the honor of Glentyre.

“He must win, sir,” said Mrs. Macrae, who had been an English maid and was outwardly more respectful than the Scottish retainers

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who would willingly have died for one of the Laird's family.

Malcolm measured the distance with his eye cautiously, then he said,—

“It is not so bad.”

After a few minutes Macrae came up to him with the invariable question:—

“And hoo's the Laird the day?”

“He is well, thank you,” said the boy. Then the talk became too technical for Mrs. Macrae, and while Malcolm and the Steward measured distances, she went indoors to busy herself about the new frocks the children were to have for the great day.

It dawned as fair as anyone could wish, and all through breakfast Neil talked cheerfully of the prospects, hardly daring to hope that Macrae would win the prize for throwing the hammer.

When it was time to start, everyone but Aunt Effie and Neil went to the games, Mr. Forrest driving Jock and Jeanie, while Malcolm rode one of the ponies. Malcolm was

more silent than usual, and he showed none of the excitement which his cousins felt. Mr. Forrest explained everything that Jeanie wanted to know, telling her who the chieftain was who presided over the Games, and pointing out the various clans. When they had taken their places the time passed quickly, watching the arrivals and listening to the weird sound of the pipes.

Colin had never looked so grand as he did to-day, and Jock realized what it meant to belong to a clan. Other boys came up and spoke to Malcolm, boys with the kilt of Gordon, Stuart, MacGregor, and other clans, many of whom had come from long distances to see the Games,—spending the greater part of the day on the ground. The earlier events had passed, and now began the tossing of the caber.

Spell-bound, Jock and Jeanie followed with wide-open eyes, one after another of the picked clansmen who stepped out on the course, bearing on the shoulder what appeared to be a great fir tree, which was, indeed, the heavy end of

one and of great weight. Their steps went faster and faster, ending in a run, and then, catching up the caber at one end as lightly as if it were but a feather-weight, each one tossed it up into the air. Every man tried to toss it, if but a quarter of an inch further than the foremost, and eagerly was the ground measured before the victory was decided.

More than one man said to Malcolm:—

“I hear that the Glentyre men are to win with the hammer to-day.”

“I don’t know,” said Malcolm gravely.

Jeanie was nearly wild with delight over the sword dance, danced by a boy no bigger than Jock; and the Highland Reel with the shouts was splendid.

Then, under cover of the sound of the pipes, some people behind them were talking rather freely and bits of the conversation became suddenly audible.

“He’s always been an invalid and goes nowhere. . . . Yes, Malcolm would make a fine Laird.”

The color rushed into Malcolm's face, and the chaplain, seeing it, began to talk loudly, and encouraged Jeanie to talk and laugh. But the joy of the day had gone out for Malcolm. He returned the greeting of all who passed him, answering the question, "How's Glentyre?" with the invariable formula, "He's well, thank you," but he wished that the day were over.

Then came the great event, throwing the hammer, and the chatter of the spectators died away. Once the great man of the assembly caught Malcolm's eye and smiled, as if to wish him success; then Malcolm knew nothing and saw nothing but Macrae with his brawny arms which held the honor of Glentyre to-day.

Cheers and shouts arose as the excitement grew greater. A piper with the Cumming tartan was a powerful opponent, and his supporters were cheering him lustily.

"Oh, Macrae must win," cried Jeanie. "Look!"

Colin was looking with all his might; Mr. Forrest was clapping and cheering, and even

Jock was roused to wild excitement. But Malcolm was strangely still and silent. A few more minutes would decide it, and in the intense expectation the voices died down.

Then came the decision.

It was Macrae who was victorious. A Glentyre man had thrown the hammer.

“Glentyre, Glentyre!”

It was the only word distinguishable in the burst of applause; Jeanie was shouting it, Jock was clapping furiously. Malcolm rose to his feet, pushed his way through the crowd and found Macrae surrounded by his friends.

“Well done,” said the boy; “this will be news for the Laird.”

“Aye,” said the Steward, “they all cheer Glentyre the day.”

Someone else was pushing his way towards them,—the Duke who had smiled at Malcolm as he entered,—and by his side was a boy in the Stuart tartan.

“I congratulate you, Malcolm,” said the Duke; then turning to his companion he said,

"This is Glentyre's brother," but he did not mention to Malcolm the boy's name.

"I congratulate you," said the boy in his pleasant voice; and Malcolm thanked him, but neither of the little group knew that for a moment the interest of the whole assembly was fixed on that boy and not on the Games.

"It will be good news for Glentyre," said the Duke, smiling.

"Thank you, sir," said Malcolm; "it will indeed."

Then the crowd had to be cleared and they went back to their places.

Jeanie was wild with excitement.

"Oh, Malcolm," she cried in a voice that was meant to be a whisper, "do you know what has happened? That boy who spoke to you and who came with the Duke is called the Earl of Carrick, and it is a secret, but he really is—"

"It will not be a secret much longer if you tell the whole assembly," said Mr. Forrest. "When people tell us secrets we must keep their secrets. He congratulated you, Malcolm?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am glad. Won't Neil be pleased?"

Malcolm looked at him anxiously.

"Do you think," he said, "that it would really matter if I slipped away now? I must tell Neil about it."

"But you will miss half the fun."

"I don't care about anything else," said the boy.

"Then slip away if you like."

Malcolm mingled for a moment with the crowd round the ground, then he passed out of sight and found his pony, turning his back on the music, the people and the shouting. Occasionally, as he rode over the moor, sounds came to him more and more faintly, and he pictured it all, the swing of the kilt, the braw coats of the men, the glitter of the band, and the colors on the grand stand. But it was Neil whom he saw more clearly; Neil lying alone on his sofa, away from it all, seeing nothing of the triumph of Glentyre, hearing none of the glad shouts and thundering applause. So he

urged the pony over the ground in his wild impatience, leaving him at the door as he ran into the castle.

Aunt Effie had gone away to rest, leaving Neil alone, and he lay doing nothing, his thoughts too busy with the Games to call for reading.

Would it always be like this? Would he always be out of everything?

The door opened and Malcolm came in, his face flushed with exercise, holding his bonnet in his hand.

"Macrae's won," he cried, kneeling by his brother's side. "No one came near him. They were all so glad. The Duke sent his congratulations to you."

"Oh, Malcolm, and you left it all to tell me?"

"There was nothing else to wait for. Gentyre has won at last."

Neil put his thin white hand on his brother's brown one. "It's splendid," he said. "Run up and tell Aunt Effie and then come back and tell me everything."

And there they found the two brothers when at last they got home, full of all that they had seen and heard.

“Oh, Malcolm,” said Jeanie, “you missed so much.”

But Malcolm had found much, and the brothers were not envious as she poured out her tale of all that had taken place.

Then Macrae came in to see the Laird, who heard with pleasure every detail of the event.

“It is very wonderful,” said Jeanie to Nurse that night as she went to bed, “how even in the Games they did not care about winning for themselves, but just thought of Glentyre.”

“Aye, dear,” said the old woman, “there is no’ a man on the place who would na’ die for the Laird.”

CHAPTER XII

A MOTOR TRIP

NOT long after this, Uncle Frank wrote that he had a few days to spare, and if Aunt Effie would like it he would motor up and take the three children to some of the famous places in Scotland.

He came, and Colin regarded his motor with deep contempt. Neither did he like the fact that the stranger helped the Laird into his chair that evening for the journey into the dining-hall. No one knew how long Dr. Ellison was in Neil's room after Neil had gone to bed, but of course as the party were to start early the next morning he wanted to see something of his young host before they went away.

"Good-by, Neil," said Jeanie, kissing him. "I do wish you could come, too."

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“So do I,” he said, but there was no regret in his tone.

“I will take care of them,” said Uncle Frank, “and my holiday is too short to go very far.”

Everyone watched the start, and once on the high road they flew on in search of adventures. Malcolm had never been far away, and he enjoyed the expedition as much as anyone.

It would be impossible to tell all that they saw. They went through the beautiful scenery in the Trossachs, and saw Loch Katrine, which will always be associated with Scott’s poem, “The Lady of the Lake.” It seemed wonderful to Jeanie that one of the characters was Malcolm Graeme; and as Uncle Frank described the story, with the stag-hunt and all its adventures, the children determined to read it as soon as they got home.

They saw the field of Bannockburn, and Stirling Castle, with a history that reaches back beyond all records. They saw the Wallace monument standing high above the woods. They saw Rob Roy’s grave in the little old

kirkyard of Balquhiddel, and learned that every hill had its battles between the Grahames and MacGregors. They saw the coulter of a plough hanging outside the hotel at Aberfoyle in memory of the famous fight in *Rob Roy*. And Jeanie was delighted to find that Aberfoyle was the reputed home of the "little folk," the fairies, though no one could be induced to say much about them.

Then they came to the only *lake* in Scotland, Menteith, where is the famous island Inchmahone, or Isle of Rest. Ruins of the old Priory remain, but the old glory and romance have gone. "The Riders of Menteith" are spoken of in history, but whether they were mortal or of the nature of the fairies is not known.

"Not long ago," said Uncle Frank, pointing to the huge chestnut trees brought from Rome, "ospreys built their nests in these trees. In olden days the Earls of Menteith, the Grahams, were always at war with the Macgregors."

"Who is the Earl of Menteith now?" said Jeanie quickly.

"There is none—some people think that the rightful heir is a Graham now in Toronto, but the title has died out."

They saw the relic of Bruce at Cardross, it is said to have been left there when he was visiting the Prior of Inchmahone—his huge sword, six feet two and a half inches in length, weighing ten pounds.

"Few men could have wielded it," said Malcolm thoughtfully.

"No," said Dr. Ellison, "there was only one Bruce."

Then as they went on he told them an old legend which says that one of the Earls of Menteith was entertaining a great company when the wine ran short. He told his butler to go to Stirling for more, and the man took a cask and rowed towards the shore, but as he got near it he saw two women among the reeds at the margin. Each of them cut a bulrush, crying, "Hae wi' you, Marion Bowie," "Hae

wi' ye, Elspa Hardie," mounted the rush and flew up into the air.

Immediately the butler followed their example, crying, "Hae wi' ye," as he bestrode his bulrush. All flew along at lightning speed till they descended in the Palace of the King of France, where, being invisible, they had a fine time. The butler filled his cask with choice wine, and lest the Earl should doubt his story, he took a drinking cup belonging to the King. Then with cask and cup he flew back on his bulrush to Inchtalla, where the Earl found him asleep in the morning beside the cask.

The story was soon told and the Earl entertained his friends with the excellent wine, the silver cup with its *fleur de lis*, gracing the table. No date is given, so we cannot know who was then King of France, or Earl of Menteith.

"I am afraid there are no witches now," said Jeanie regretfully, and her uncle laughed.

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Then they went on to Loch Lomond and saw any number of islands.

"Oh, if we could only live on an island," said Jeanie, "with just a boat, and build a house of our own."

"Then you had better have the Brownies' Isle," said her uncle, "but I am afraid that we must not stay. Look round; all this country has seen battles with the MacGregors. Their savage ways made them hated by their neighbors, and when once clan fought with clan the feud was unending; but the MacGregors were not to be exterminated, and though for a time they had to take the name of some other clan, they fought for King Charles in the civil wars, and at last had their rights restored to them."

There was no time to stop long anywhere, they got their meals in the towns through which they passed, and fortunately the weather kept fine all the time.

"Now for Glasgow," said Uncle Frank as they ended luncheon at a small country inn.

A few children came near, watching the motor curiously.

"Bawbee, bawbee," they cried.

"What do they mean?" asked Jeanie.

"A halfpenny," said Uncle Frank.

"Fancy calling a halfpenny a bawbee!"

"Why not?" said Malcolm warmly.

"I will ask you another question, Malcolm," said Uncle Frank. "Why is it called a bawbee?" And the boy did not know.

"Few people do," said Dr. Ellison as they got into the motor. "There are Sulphur Springs near the Bridge of Allan, and copper is found there. The first halfpenny was struck when James VI. was a baby; he was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, you know. So the people called the halfpenny a 'bawbee.'"

"That is a nice reason," said Jeanie, "and if I can find a bawbee in my pocket I will toss it to them."

Then they sped on once more, never stopping till they reached Glasgow, the huge man-

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ufacturing town, which at first looked unattractive.

There was not time to see much, but they saw the old Cathedral of St. Mungo (or Kentigern) with its beautiful crypt.

"This is the pillar," said Uncle Frank as they stood in the dim light of the crypt, "behind which Rob Roy heard the service. You will read all about it one day in Scott's novel, but much of the ancient beauty here has been destroyed. All the old glass is gone. There is hardly any old stained glass in Scotland."

It was difficult in the crowded town to realize much of the old times. Uncle Frank pointed out the Arms of the city, and told them the ancient verse,

This is the tree that never grew,
This is the bird that never flew,
This is the bell that never rang,
This is the fish that never swam.

But nothing impressed Jeanie so much as a little wood by the roadside near Auchterarder,

where stood a high stone cross to commemorate the fact that a witch was burned there.

Her name, Maggie Waugh, and the date, 1657, are painted on the steps. It is said that the last witch in Scotland was burnt in Crieff.

The boys were much more interested in the Roman camp at Ardoch.

“This is well worth seeing,” said Uncle Frank, as they walked over the great site, “for this is the largest Roman camp in the world, and the most northerly point to which the Romans ever came. The greatest battle that they ever fought at a distance from Rome was fought near here in the year A. D. 86, on the slopes of the Grampian range of mountains. All north and west of this are the Highlands, inhabited by the descendants of the Picts, while the rest of the country was inhabited by the Scots, who came from North Africa, Egypt and Spain across to Ireland and then to Scotland. The story is told that nearly three thousand years ago, as the Scots in their progress from the East passed through Egypt, their King

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married Phota, a daughter of a Pharaoh. He gave her the Stone of Destiny as a wedding gift, the stone that is said to have been Jacob's pillow. They carried it along North Africa, across Spain to Ireland, and thence after nearly 2,000 years across to Iona's Isle, and thence to Scone, outside Perth. And all through those hundreds of years the King of the Scots always sat on it to be crowned. The prophecy was, 'Wherever this Stone of Destiny may be there will the King of the Scots reign.' "

"I had wondered sometimes," said Jock, "how we got it."

"Well," said Uncle Frank, "to come back to the Romans: they drove the Picts and Scots back into the Highlands, and made a big wall across Scotland, about seventy miles long. You see the size of this camp; it held not far short of a hundred thousand men. The Romans stayed here nearly two hundred years, and Julius Cæsar complained that the Scots were the only nation he could not conquer. Now we will go on to the Roman road."

The road which had run beside the great wall was three or four times as broad as a modern road, and it had been paved with flagstones for the chariots, cavalry and infantry. Every few miles it opened out into large circles so that cohorts and regiments and chariots could pass one another without mixing, or a body of men could rest without blocking the road.

Then they motored on to Drummond Castle, which has figured largely in the history of Scotland, where the Dukes of Perth have been deservedly famous. At the Battle of Culloden the Duke of Perth was commander-in-chief of Prince Charles Edward's army.

The children were delighted with the Armory, and all that it contained. They saw Queen Mary's tiny shoes and workbasket, and Malcolm got the piper to tell him the history of the stuffed eagle which had been a pet for years, feeding with the poultry in a peaceable manner. Then they climbed the tower, and from its dizzy height they saw one of the

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most famous gardens in the world, laid out in 1660 and never altered.

"We must not stay," said Uncle Frank. "I should have liked to show you every place of interest in Scotland, but it would take months. We shall pass Tulliebardine, the home of the Atholls, but we have no time to stay."

He pointed out to them the House of Gask, the home of Laurence Oliphant and of Lady Nairne, the writer of "The Auld Hoose." Prince Charlie was once a guest there, and had they had time to enter, they would have seen the table at which he breakfasted, his spurs, cockade and bonnet, and above all, the lock of fair hair which was "clipt" by the wife of the elder Laurence Oliphant.

Then they made their way back to Auchterarder, where Malcolm Canmore had his castle, and Jeanie liked to feel that she was walking on ground that was once trodden by the Saintly Queen Margaret. The family of Malcolm still live there and this is the oldest royal burgh in Scotland. A deep ditch runs down both sides

of the street, and it is said that on one occasion the English nobles were boasting before King James the Sixth of Scotland of the number of English gentlemen in a certain place in England who lived in their moated houses approached by a drawbridge.

"In my royal Burgh of Auchterarder," said the King with a twinkle in his eye for the Scots present, "there are fifty-three drawbridges."

None of the English were likely to go far enough north to see the town for themselves, but it was perfectly true; the flat stones which can be withdrawn are there to this day, opposite each house in the main street.

But Uncle Frank had kept the great surprise to the last.

"Now," he said, "we are going to Kincardine Castle, the home of Montrose. My friends there have asked us to tea."

Jeanie gave a little scream of delight.

"A real Montrose?" she asked, but she learned that the castle no longer belonged to the old family, and the house had been rebuilt.

Still it was a great thing to be where Montrose had once lived, and the view of the glen and the waterfall was still the same. As she bade her kind hostess good-by she said,—

“I think this has been the greatest thing of all, for we are Grahams, you see.”

The lady smiled and kissed her; then she and her husband stood at the door watching them down the drive, under the archway beneath which James Graham must often have ridden on his pony when a boy, to judge by the blacksmith’s bill still to be seen for “shoon for Lord James’s horse.”

Then they paid a flying visit to Crieff, one of the most beautiful places in Scotland, but there was no time to linger, and when they had returned to Glentyre the boys had almost as much to tell as Jeanie.

After the adventures had all been told, as they sat at dinner, Dr. Ellison said that he must return to Edinburgh the next day, and before anyone else had time to say anything, Aunt Effie added,

“And you are not going alone.”

The children looked up, wondering what fresh expedition was to take place; and it was Uncle Frank who said,—

“I am going to carry the Laird off for a little time, and I hope to send him home again stronger.”

Perhaps it was thought best to make the announcement in public, but everyone was taken by surprise, for Neil had never left home, and till now no hint had ever been given that he might get any better. The color rushed into Malcolm's face; Colin went out of the room with a tray; something had got into Jock's throat, and all that Jeanie could say was,—

“Oh, Neil!”

“Don't expect too much,” he said hoarsely; then Aunt Effie, regardless of the fact that everyone had not quite finished dinner, rose suddenly from her place.

What would be the end of it? Would Neil ever move or walk like other people? Malcolm lingered by him after his cousins had gone to

bed, hardly liking to ask questions, his mind full of many thoughts.

"Dr. Ellison wants it," said his brother slowly. "It is not that I expect to be different, but he says it is possible. He has known those who have been on their backs for years, get about again."

He would not say more for fear of exciting false hopes, but it was hours before either brother went to sleep.

Meanwhile Dr. Ellison sat with the chaplain in the turret-room, explaining all that could be explained, and Aunt Effie was packing a portmanteau for Neil to take on the first journey he had ever taken in his life. The start was made after breakfast; then wrapped in rugs, with cushions under him, Neil was placed in the back seat of the motor. Colin watched him silently, while Bevis put his nose inquiringly into the motor, wondering what was going on. They were all there, including Nurse, who was inclined to disapprove of the whole expedition. Neil had never slept a night

out of the Castle, he had never seen anything that lay beyond the view from the paved court, and the household had grown used to this fact. No one could tell the excitement which he felt at the possibility before him, and when at last the motor had started, leaving the group by the door waving handkerchiefs till it was out of sight, he watched with intense delight all that he could see as they flew along. Conversation was out of the question, for Dr. Ellison drove the motor; besides which Neil would be tired out by the end of the journey, without extra effort. But the outside world, of which he had often dreamt, was opened to him for the first time, and Neil was conscious of a sense of hope which he had never had before.

Once on the high road they went at full speed. Before Edinburgh was reached Neil would be almost worn out, and it was possible that they might have to break the journey for a few days. But at last, to the anxious party at Glentyre came the news of the safe arrival at Edinburgh, and then came a long silence,

which each one interpreted differently; and Bevis moved about sedately and without spirit, as if all his old life had gone out of him.

“To-morrow we shall hear,” said Aunt Effie morning after morning, when no letter came. And still they waited.

CHAPTER XIII

LOST ON THE MOOR

“WE had better go on playing and pretending,” said Jeanie one day, in her decided way, “it will make the time seem shorter, and we can’t do any good to Neil by being miserable at home.”

“We are not miserable,” said Jock; but the boys moved off with her to the loch, and Bevis condescended to come with them.

Some discussion followed, as Jeanie wanted to be Prince Charlie; which Malcolm said would be very absurd as she was the only girl and they were both boys.

“It will be quite as absurd for me to be one of the soldiers,” said Jeanie.

“Then you might be Flora Macdonald,” said Malcolm. “She did a great deal for the Prince. The Island can be Skye, and you can be there waiting for the Prince when we ar-

rive by boat. We will get some matches and have a fire. I know that one day he cooked a sheep's heart, and at another time Flora was exhausted at the bottom of the boat. We can act all this with a few clothes and things."

Jeanie was reconciled to the idea of not being the Prince, and a little food was begged from the kitchen, which made the scene very real. Bevis represented a few of the Prince's followers, but the only part which seemed to interest him was his share of the meal when it was cooked. The children came in to tea with very red faces, and Aunt Effie asked what had happened.

"We have supped off sheep's heart," said Jeanie, "and the fire required a good deal of blowing, so we had to get very near it."

"Then you will not want much tea," said Aunt Effie with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, yes. We are very hungry. You see we left most of the meal for the Prince."

All that evening Jeanie read hard, so the boys

went out alone, and even when Nurse was brushing her hair, Jeanie had her book open—

“We can only die once,” she murmured. “Could we ever die in a better cause?”

“Why, lassie,” said the old woman, “dinna’ talk o’ deeing.”

“I am Lord Kingsburgh,” said Jeanie, “and I am saving the Prince.”

Long, long after she was in bed she planned it all. They would wander on the moor pursued by the enemy, and they would disguise the Prince as Betty Burke. If only they had a secret room in the castle in which to hide him, how splendid it would be! Where had he slept when he really was at Glentyre? This and a hundred other questions rushed through her mind till at last she fell asleep to dream of home and her mother.

The next morning, Mr. Forrest found her unusually quiet at lessons, but she was by no means quiet when after luncheon they were all free for the whole afternoon.

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"We can't have Bevis," said Malcolm, "because Colin is going into Carmoges and will take him, so that leaves three of us. If you like, Jeanie," he added slowly, "you might be the Prince for part of the time, dressed up as a woman."

Jeanie gave a joyful shout.

"But let us have a little fighting first," said Jock. "I've collected all kinds of things for swords and guns. I will be the Prince first, hiding, and you shall find me and attack me, and I will slay you both."

They took the weapons, wandering away to where the heather grew thickly, and then the search became exciting till, as the Prince had fled and the enemy pursued, they got even further from the castle.

At last it was Jeanie's turn to personate the Prince, and keeping behind the shelter of heather and bracken she ran on and on till she had left the enemy far behind her. Then she came to a little hollow which would make a splendid retreat, but when she had entered it the

undergrowth was too low for a hiding-place, so she went up the opposite hill.

She had entirely thrown herself into the spirit of the times, and thought of the boys as real soldiers.

"I will reward the Jacobites," she said to herself, "when the war is over, and I am crowned king. Now this really is a good place to hide in; it will be long before they find me."

She crept under the bracken and tucked her feet under her, glad to rest for a while; then she listened for the sound of voices, but they did not come.

"Perhaps I shall escape, after all," she thought.

Then she picked a bit of fern and tasted it, after which she shut her eyes for a minute as the sun had made them drowsy; and then, though she did not know it, her head fell back on the kind earth and she dropped asleep. The Prince must often have slept on mountain and glen, so it was quite a natural thing to do, but

when she opened her eyes with a start it took her a few moments to realize where she was.

She stretched herself and stood up cautiously lest the boys should be near, but she could see nothing. All the mountains and heather had gone away, there were no trees nor bracken nor stones to be seen; everything had turned into a soft grayish cloud which came close to her so that she could only see the ground at her feet. For one moment she was frightened, then she said,—

“It is a fog. Colin told me about them. I had better go home.”

She stepped out of her hiding place and shook out her frock.

“The fog is helping the Prince the day,” she said in imitation of Colin; then she started for home.

But the fog crept round her and she could scarcely see a yard ahead. Once she heard the sound of running water; she had not noticed the stream before; then she left it and went on, but after a time she grew tired. She

did not know she had come so far ; perhaps the boys would hear her if she shouted, so she called,—

“Jock! Malcolm! Malcolm! Jock!” and waited for an answer; but none came, and the thick fog crept round her more closely, while there was an awful silence everywhere.

There was nothing for it but to walk on, and poor Jeanie went on, never knowing how hopeless it is to walk in a fog which deludes you at every step, so that you often walk round and round when you think that you have gone miles. She stopped for a time and sat on a large stone, then she started on once more, keeping all fear out of her mind by a strong effort.

“Prince Charlie must often have been out in fogs,” she thought. “Colin says they go as sudden as they come. Perhaps I am really quite near home. I will call again. Jock! Malcolm! Malcolm! Jock!”

Once more there was the weird, terrible silence, as if she were the only living creature in the whole world.

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“It must be near tea time. I am very hungry.”

She spoke aloud, for it seemed less lonesome to hear even her own voice; then she quickened her pace, though her feet were aching. How pleasant it would be to sit round the table eating scones and baps and drinking hot tea, and how they would laugh over her good hiding place. What was this? She had nearly run into something; was it a tree? No; it moved, and a pair of bright eyes looked at her out of the fog. It was one of the long-horned cattle. Jeanie caught her breath, and turned quickly away. Should she sit down and wait, or would the cattle come all round her, nearer and nearer?

“Why for should the Hieland cattle hurt a wee bairn?”

Nurse had said that, Nurse must know. Was it really getting darker or was it only the fog? “I won’t cry,” said Jeanie desperately. “They never cried,—Bruce and Montrose and Queen Mary and Prince Charlie. I am a Scot,

I must not cry. Oh, why don't they come? They must know there is a fog. Oh, let someone come! Which way shall I go? I must be nearly home."

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT SECRET

POOOR Jeanie had hard work not to cry, for each moment the fog wrapped itself more closely round her, and when she suddenly came against a tree or a stone she was right upon it before she saw it, and in spite of Nurse's opinion, she did not relish the idea that the long-horned cattle were near her. She could not run, it was too dark for that, and she was getting cold. Long ago, Malcolm and Jock must have had their tea, unless they were still looking for her. Again and again she shouted, but no answer came, and darkness came down over the fog, which made it hopeless to get anywhere.

"I hate the darkness," said Jeanie; but even as she spoke, the word suggested something to her mind. What had Mr. Forrest taught them on Sunday? It seemed almost as if he had

guessed what would happen, for he had told them that it was a good prayer to use if they were frightened at night; and folding her hands Jeanie said aloud, catching her breath occasionally,—“Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils (she thought of the cattle) and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

She had shut her eyes as she always did when she said her prayers, and when she opened them it certainly seemed lighter. Yes; she could see the grass and heather and a tree at some distance; but as the fog rolled away she realized that it was really growing dark; and thinking she was near home she went on down the hill, longing for tea and rest. But it was not the hill near the loch, and she started on again weary and footsore.

“I am really like the Prince, now,” she said once. “Oh, I wish someone would come.”

Suddenly she found herself near a cottage,

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and her hopes revived. She stumbled up to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" called a voice within.

Jeanie might have said, "A wayfarer," but she forgot that episode in Bruce's life, and replied, "It's me."

The door opened, letting a ray of light out into the darkness, and Jeanie saw an old woman holding a lamp in her hand.

"Wha' are ye, lassie?" she said.

"I am the Laird's cousin," said Jeanie firmly, in spite of trembling lips, and the old woman's voice changed at once.

"Come ben the hoose," she said; and poor, tired, hungry Jeanie followed her into the warmth.

"Puir bairn, ye are fair starved wi' the cauld."

Jeanie's thin frock was soaked, beads of wet stood on her hair, and she sank down on the rug almost worn out, while the woman took off her clothes and wrapped her in warm shawls.

The kettle was boiling, and soon she was

drinking hot tea and eating bannocks which tasted better than any food she had ever had in her life. With her bare feet tucked under her, she told the story of her adventures, which seemed amusing now that she was safe and sound; but the old woman looked grave and peered out into the darkness.

“The Laird will be greeting sair the day,” she said, “and Donald no’ here to be givin’ him word.”

After some time a lad came in with a sheep dog, wet and weary, but he started off when his grandmother had explained matters to him in words that were quite unintelligible to Jeanie. There was an old couch in the room, which the woman pushed near the fire; then she tucked up Jeanie with all the shawls she could find, taking the little hand in hers to make sure that it was warm. The child told her of their game, and at the mention of Prince Charlie, the old woman became interested. She could tell something if she liked, because her father had been steward at Glentyre long ago. She went

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on to say that it was a secret, and at once Jeanie determined to learn it.

At last her coaxing prevailed and then she became so much interested that she forgot her own adventures and fatigue, and the great subject was not finished when there was a sound at the door and Mr. Forrest came in quickly. One glance reassured him; then he turned to thank the old woman, handing her a bag of dry clothes for Jeanie to put on.

While she was dressing, he and the lad waited outside with the horse, and in a quarter of an hour, after many farewell whisperings which puzzled the chaplain, Jeanie got into the carriage and was driven home. He told her of their fright at home, and of the hours in which they had searched in vain; and she told him all that had happened on the moors; but of what the old woman had said she repeated never a word, for that was intrusted to her as a secret, and though the excitement of it was almost more than she could bear, she shut her lips closely.

"She told me because I am one of the clan," she said to herself. "I am a Graham, and I will behave like a Graham."

Then the drive was over, and they were all at the door to meet her.

"You never found Prince Charlie," she cried. "I was too clever for you this time."

"Are you quite well, dear?" asked Aunt Effie, holding her fast. "Thank God you are safe."

They would not let her stop to talk to the boys then; she had something hot and was taken to bed.

"I know I shan't sleep, Nurse," she said. "I have so much to think of," but almost as soon as she lay down she was sound asleep.

"She is a true Graham," said Mr. Forrest, "and never broke down in all those hours of wandering, not even when she found herself close to the dreaded cattle."

"Bless her!" said Aunt Effie.

The next day Jeanie thought that she should never be alone with the boys, the hours seemed so long before she could at last say,—

"I have something wonderful to tell you. It must be told only to a Graham. Is Jock a Graham?"

"As much as you are, Jeanie. We count in Scotland by the clan, he is our clansman."

"Then," said Jeanie, bringing out her news with delight, "I know the secret. I can tell you."

"What?" they cried.

"The secret-room where Prince Charlie slept."

"Nonsense," said Malcolm, while Jock began to frown.

"It is quite true," said Jeanie. "The old woman in the cottage where I was yesterday is the daughter of an old steward of Glentyre, and she said that the secret was handed down not only through the lairds, but through the stewards, they told their eldest son, but this woman's father had no sons, so when he was dying he told her, and the stewards were only to tell it to a Graham and no one was to enter the room without the Laird. She thought

Neil knew. But some Laird must have died without telling his son,—in a hurry perhaps.”

She paused and looked at Malcolm.

“Where is the room?” he asked gravely.

“I can show you if you come into the dining-hall. Is anyone there?”

Malcolm went to see, returning to say that the room was empty.

Jeanie took them over to the fireplace, and even then the boys did not take the matter seriously.

“You count the tiles on the right side, from the bottom, and when you come to the seventh, it is a different color. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—It is!” cried Jeanie triumphantly.

“And then?” said Malcolm.

“You take a knife and insert it round this tile.”

Jock opened his knife, ran it round the tile, and in one moment it had sprung open on a hinge. They all pressed forward to see, and there was a small black knob.

"You pull that," said Jeanie in an excited whisper.

Malcolm pulled it, and slowly, about two yards to the right of the fireplace the panels of the wall opened as if they were a small door. Jeanie's heart was thumping so wildly that she could not move; it was Malcolm who peeped in at the door and said, "There are steps going up."

"We mustn't go in," said Jeanie, "till Neil comes. Oh, I wish he was at home!"

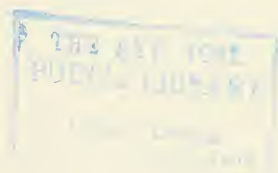
"We had better shut it up," said Malcolm, "in case anyone comes. I suppose we must not tell Mr. Forrest, and perhaps we had better not tell Aunt Effie till Neil is back. I wonder if it will shut quite easily."

It did, and in a few minutes everything looked as usual. Many were the surmises as to what would be found in the room, and it was very difficult to settle to any occupation; but nothing further could be discovered till the Laird returned from Edinburgh.



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CHAPTER XV

WHAT CAME AT LAST

NEWS came at last that Neil was better; then came a letter announcing the day and hour of his arrival, making all arrangements. Aunt Effie read sentences out of the letter, but she did not read it all aloud to the party assembled for breakfast, and Malcolm fancied that she wiped away a tear when no one was looking.

"I doubt he is not much better," he thought sadly.

A carriage was to be sent from the hotel, but Colin was to drive the old horse to the station and see to the luggage, and Jeanie might come to meet them. Anyone would have thought by all the cleaning and polishing that went on at the Castle that morning that Neil was an honored stranger coming to stay; Aunt Effie hardly sat down a moment. Jeanie pictured

the meeting at the station. As Neil was lifted out she would say,—

“And hoo’s the Laird the day?”

The train was due, and Colin was giving short answers to a “puir blethering body,” who pestered him with questions. Another moment and the train came round the curve, slowed down and reached the platform. The door of a carriage was opened and Uncle Frank jumped out, while Jeanie was running from the other end, seized with a fear that Neil might be carried on. Then someone else stepped out, tall and upright, strong and well. It was Neil! It was Neil! Something had got into Jeanie’s throat and she could not speak; but as she reached the spot she heard the station-master say in a calm voice,—

“And hoo’s the Laird the day?”

“Well, Boyd; quite well, thank you. Why, Jeanie—”

But the little girl could only say “Neil,” in a voice that was half a sob and half a cry, while the “puir blethering body” was hustled

into the train by a porter, or she would have stood all day to look at the Laird.

“Well, Colin,” said Neil, holding out his hand, but the old man muttered that if he did not go to see to the bits of luggage everything would be left behind. Little would a casual observer have guessed that every man in the station was happier than he had been for years.

Meanwhile, at home Aunt Effie with Malcolm and Jock stood near the great doorway, watching the distant hilltop, while Mr. Forrest with Bevis went up the hill so as to give the first signal of arrival. At last he waved his handkerchief and ran back to the house, but Bevis bounded forward as if he understood it all. The carriage had reached the crest of the hill, and the driver saw the party in the paved court. No one had ever driven the young Laird home before, and in spite of the driver’s “dour” face he was bursting with pride. Whipping up the horses he drove down the hill at a fast trot, Bevis bounding by his side. Aunt Effie had her hand on Malcolm’s shoulder

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as she scanned the occupants of the carriage. Neil was sitting upright, he was wearing his bonnet; now a turn in the road hid all but the driver from sight, then they were near, there was the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement, the door of the carriage was thrown open and Uncle Frank jumped out.

"Well, quite well," he said, breaking the awful silence; then Neil stepped out and held Aunt Effie in his arms.

"Thank God," she murmured; then Dr. Ellison with an old-world courtesy offered her his arm, while Malcolm wondered why his eyes smarted and his voice refused to speak.

"Why, laddie," said Neil, and the spell was broken; after which they all talked at once.

Macrae was in the background with his wife and children, and soon the glad news spread over the estate.

"You must come in and rest now," said Dr. Ellison, "for the train was rather shaky." Then lifting his voice he said to the group gathered near, "The Laird is quite strong and

well, and very soon he will ride and shoot and do everything he likes. But just now he must rest after his journey. He will soon be coming to see you all." A stifled sob from old Nurse caught his ear. "Come in and get him on the sofa," he said. "You know his ways."

Half an hour later Mr. Forrest found Jock and Jeanie alone.

"We thought they would like to be by themselves," Jock explained.

"And it's just his glorious morning face that has deserved it," said Jeanie. "Oh, I am glad!"

But before Uncle Frank left the Castle Mr. Forrest got him to tell the steward and a few of the retainers that Neil had been cured by natural means, for tales were afloat of fairies and magical skill, as if the fairy "stock" had gone away in the motor and the real Laird had come back in his place.

So strong was the force of habit that Colin came that evening to wheel the Laird in to dinner.

"Never again, I hope," said Neil, rising to his feet.

"Oh, Neil," said Jeanie, expressing what they all felt, "I did not think you were so tall."

No one was happier than Malcolm, though he was as silent as ever. Nothing mattered now that Neil was well, not if they remained poor all their lives. To-morrow they would show him the secret-room; possibly there would be some sign of Prince Charlie there; Neil would be as much interested as they were.

Malcolm let Jeanie tell the great news; then they all went to the dining-hall after Uncle Frank had returned to Edinburgh the next morning.

Slowly as before, the panel doorway swung open, disclosing the steps.

"We must be careful," said Neil gravely. "Someone must stay here in case the door shuts again. It would never do to get shut in."

Mr. Forrest offered to mount guard in the

dining-hall, then Neil went up the few steps cautiously, followed by Malcolm.

"It is dark," he called back. "Get matches and a candle, Jock."

"No, take the lantern from the hall," said Mr. Forrest. "Be careful not to set anything on fire."

There was an anxious silence before the light was handed up, then came a long-drawn "Oh!"

"What is it?" called the chaplain.

"Give us more light," cried Neil excitedly. "The lamp off my writing-table. Quick, quick!"

No one had ever heard Neil speak like that before. Jock and Jeanie had climbed into the dim apartment and were peering into the corners.

"There's the bed where the Prince must have slept," said Neil reverently, pointing to a mattress on the floor with blankets thrown back. "No, don't touch it. How the room is blocked with cases and chests."

"Here's the lamp," said Mr. Forrest in the doorway. "Light it after you have put it safely somewhere where it will not be knocked over."

"I think," said Neil rather unsteadily, "that you had better come up, and Malcolm go on guard.—I think—oh!" he broke off, as there came a sound of a creaking hinge.

Poor Malcolm; it was rather hard to go at this point, but he went back, and in a minute Mr. Forrest was in the room.

Some of the boxes were not locked; these were filled with things that evidently had been thrown there in great haste. The chaplain lifted out huge silver candlesticks, and plate of every description, dulled by age, but bearing the Graham crest or coat-of-arms. Another box contained jewelry, diamond pendants and ropes of pearls.

"They must have been put here for safety," said Neil breathlessly.

"Or perhaps the Laird of that day gave them to the Prince," said Mr. Forrest.

"These boxes are locked," said Jock, tugging away at the lids.

"Run to the study and bring me a bunch of very old keys from the writing-table drawer," said Neil. "Then you keep guard while Malcolm comes back."

Malcolm felt rewarded when he had the bunch of keys given to him to fit into the locks. At last he found the right key and lifted a heavy lid.

"Money," he whispered. "Gold! Oh! look!"

They all looked, and Neil took hold of the chaplain's arm.

"Sit down," said Mr. Forrest, placing him on the nearest box. "This is rather much for you just now."

"No, I am all right. Was all this placed here for safety, or for the Prince?"

"We shall never know," said Mr. Forrest.

There was every appearance of a hasty flight. The room had never been rearranged since the Prince had slept there, and possibly

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the household had gone away with him, or met with a violent death.

It was near luncheon-time, and at the chaplain's suggestion they left the room, making all secure, and while the children went out, Neil rested in his study, asking that Aunt Effie might be sent to him.

She came in hurriedly, thinking that he was not well, and he held out his hand, still white and thin.

"Dear Aunt Effie," he said, "sit down. I have something to tell you."

Then he told his news in a voice that was not quite steady.

"You have been so brave and good when we have been poor," he said, "and I know all that you must have done. But Glentyre is poor no longer—"

"Nay, laddie, we are not poor now that our Laird is strong and well."

"Not only that," he said, "but we have found the room where the Prince lay, and it is full of treasure, more plate than we can ever use,

pearls and diamonds, besides boxes of gold, and papers that may mean wealth. Oh, Aunt Effie, Glentyre gave all that for the Prince."

"I cannot understand," she said slowly.

"Will you come and see?" and in a few minutes they stood together, the young Laird and the old lady, in the dusty, silent room, looking at the wealth around them. Then slowly a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Oh, laddie," she sighed, "if we could have saved him, and seen him crowned King! To think that all who knew the secret should have died—except an old woman who was too ignorant to tell what she knew!"

Then they shut the room again and spoke of all that must be done before they could move this long hidden treasure.

CHAPTER XVI

GLENTYRE JEWELS

SATURDAY brought the further good news that Major Ellison was well again, and that he and Mrs. Ellison were coming very soon to take the children home.

“So many good things have happened,” said Jeanie, laying down the letter.

“Yes,” said Neil, “but if the one bad thing of losing you had not happened, I wonder whether we should ever have found the secret room. Old Lispeth seems to have been the last person intrusted with the secret.”

No one in the household ever forgot that Sunday. Summer had given place to autumn, and the trees were every shade of gold and yellow, while the bracken, pale as primrose in places, shone gloriously over the moors that were now bronze with heather. Jeanie never

again heard the hymn "Jerusalem the Golden" without thinking of that day.

"Perhaps it was just because we were all feeling so golden," she said long afterwards to her mother, "and there was the sunshine streaming through the tiny windows right on Neil with his glorious morning face, and he stood up looking just splendid. Then Mr. Forrest read his name out in the service and said how thankful we all were, and of course it was only choking, but it sounded as if someone gave a sob."

But the most unusual thing happened in the afternoon when the steward appeared with his wife and children to attend the kirk in the castle. For Macrae was a Presbyterian and went usually to his own church. The chapel was full, for many had driven over from a distance, and no one knew whether their coming all at once was accidental, or whether they had heard of the Laird's recovery and come to join their thanksgiving with his. The sight of Neil in his invalid chair was so familiar to all that

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when at the end of the psalms he left his place and turned round to read the lesson, a sudden hush fell on the dim little chapel. Macrae sat as if he were carved in stone, his hand resting on his bronzed knee, his fine head erect, and no one seeing him would have guessed what it meant for him to break through the custom of a lifetime and come to worship with his Laird on this great occasion. But perhaps no one, not even Neil himself, was happier than Malcolm. Never again would people speak of Neil pityingly. Glentyre could hold his own at last. Jeanie looked across at Agnes and Jessie Macrae, and it seemed to her as if what had really happened was more wonderful than all their games and pretendings. Then Neil was doing the honors of the house and seeing his guests to their carriages as if he had been used to it all his life.

“No wonder,” said Mrs. Ferguson with a little catch in her voice, “that the story has gone abroad that the fairies have been at work at Glentyre.”

"Not fairies," said Neil, "but doctors and nurses with a skill that is marvelous. After a course of massage I had just to learn to walk as a child learns, and I shall not soon lose the delight of my new accomplishment."

But the other great event of the past week was told to no one, and in the darkness of the secret room the bedclothes were left as they had been since the hurried flight of long ago, with the blankets flung back, and the dent still to be seen in the pillow where at least for one night the hapless Prince slept safe and sound in the home of those who risked all in his service; while in the dust-covered chests lay the gold and the plate and the jewels of long ago.

Lessons were forgotten for a time, Mr. Forrest went and came, but whether London or Edinburgh was his destination the children did not know. Then strange gentlemen appeared, and Glentyre seemed very different from the quiet place it had been at first, but Malcolm showed no curiosity and his cousins kept silence. Neil himself drove Jeanie to the

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cottage to thank old Lispeth for her care of the child, and Jeanie carried her a dress length of tartan, which pleased the old woman greatly. It was soon after this that one morning after breakfast, as they were about to leave the dining-hall, Neil said,—

“Will you all wait a minute? I have something to tell you.” His voice trembled a little and Malcolm looked up, but Neil was smiling. “Everything is settled at last,” he said, “for even when you find treasure in your own home it does not always belong to you. Besides all that you saw, there were papers of great value, and in the time of Prince Charlie the Grahams were not poor.” Neil paused a moment and Mr. Forrest smiled at his way of putting it, but a Scot never speaks much of wealth. “We shall have the plate cleaned,” went on Neil, “and use what we want, and I hope that Aunt Effie will wear whatever jewelry she cares for, but I want Jeanie to have something, for if she had not been lost in the fog we might never have found the secret room at all.”

“Oh, Neil,” cried Jeanie, her eyes shining.

“But as your father and mother will be here this week, we will leave the jewelry till they come and all look it through together. We will celebrate their visit by using the rooms that have so long been shut up, and one evening, if it will not give Aunt Effie too much trouble, we will ask our friends and neighbors and have what Glentyre cannot remember—a party.”

And this was the Laird’s modest way of putting the fact that he was now a rich man. Later he found Colin and talked to him, but what he said no one ever knew. Macrae, who came up as Neil went away, queried for information and received from Colin the answer,—

“The Laird might ha’ said ’twas fine weather the day.” And there was nothing more to be learned from him; but later various additions were made to the household, and Colin had more spare time.

Then came the glad day of the arrival of Major and Mrs. Ellison, and as they drove up

to the castle, the whole party were awaiting them; Neil, looking every inch a Laird as he stood in his Highland dress in the old doorway, with Bevis by his side; Malcolm with his honest, boyish face beaming more than in the old days; Aunt Effie, tall and stately; and Jock and Jeanie wild with excitement.

There was so much to tell and to hear that, as Major Ellison had said, they had to take it in turns to speak. He was now well and strong, which was the best news, but when the first greetings were over Mrs. Ellison was as much excited about the secret room as the children had been. It would take too long to tell how Nurse cried over her and kissed her; how Colin became talkative over bygone memories; how she went to see Lispeth and all the old retainers she had known in her childhood; and how she wandered with the children into every corner of the castle. The boxes of jewelry were brought down and turned out on the study table, where the diamonds flashed in the sunlight.

"I should like you to choose what you like, Cousin Margaret," said Neil, "for if they had been discovered earlier, many of them would have been yours."

He himself hung a pearl necklace round Jeanie's neck, and when her mother protested he said laughingly,—

"Jewels are nothing to Malcolm and me."

"They will be some day," she said gravely. "Now, if you really wish me to have some of the things, I should like these," and she grouped together what she had chosen.

When at last everything was settled, and the party was about to disperse, Mrs. Ellison said, "I should like to imitate my patron saint, and give some of these diamonds for the chapel." She held them out to Mr. Forrest, and Jeanie said,—

"Who is your patron saint, Mummy?"

"St. Margaret of Scotland. I expect you have read of her?"

"Oh, yes. I know all about her Gospel Book and the Black Rood."

“And did you know that St. Margaret was descended from St. Ursula and from St. Elizabeth of Hungary?”

“I did not know that,” said Mr. Forrest. “I knew that St. Margaret was brought up at the Court of Hungary, and that one of her sons was St. David, ‘the Sair Saint for the Croon’.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Ellison, “he spent much money on founding monasteries. We must manage to see Melrose and Holyrood when we are in Edinburgh.”

Neil looked up, speaking in a low voice,—

“If something is to be done in the chapel,” he said, “I should like to contribute a few jewels. There is so much for which to be thankful.” And everyone agreed with him.

The party was a great success, and once more the rooms through which Prince Charlie walked were thrown open, and the walls echoed with happy laughter. Neil himself was the gayest there.

“Good-night, Jeanie,” he said, when the last

guest was gone and she had come over to him, leaning her fair head against his arm, looking very pretty in her white dress with the pearls round her neck. "I think we must thank you for this party."

"Oh, Neil," she cried, "but it is almost the end. We go away to-morrow."

"You will come back," he said. "Glentyre will always be a home for you when you can come, and Malcolm and I shall miss you and Jock sorely."

It was hard to say good-by to everyone. Nurse cried, and Jeanie clenched her little hands firmly, trying to think of Montrose and Bruce and Queen Mary.

"They failed," she said to herself, "but they never failed to try—I am a Graham and a Scot."

Silent as Malcolm was, he felt the parting as much as anyone, for the last few months had brought much interest into his life. At last the carriage which took away the travelers grew small in the distance, then the group by

the doorway turned back into the house—Mr. Forrest to walk up the winding staircase and resume his history, which would no more be interrupted by the rush of hurried feet, or the arrival of royal personages; Aunt Effie to find the house strangely quiet; Malcolm to miss his companions every hour of the day; while Neil sat at his study-table, thinking over the changes brought by the last few months. Then he rose and went upstairs till he found himself in the dim silence of the little chapel, where long, long ago Prince Charlie must have knelt, and others long since passed away. But when he came down again, it was not of death that he thought, but of life—the great gift which God gives to His children, and had Jeanie been there to see she would have been reminded of the “glorious morning face” shown by the Laird of Glentyre.

CHAPTER XVII

EDINBURGH

THE first place to which Major and Mrs. Ellison took the children in Edinburgh was Holyrood, and there they found so much to delight them that it was difficult to get them away. First they went to the old chapel where many of Scotland's kings lie buried.

"Do you know why it is called Holyrood?" asked their father. "One day when King David I. was hunting, he was pinned down by the horns of a stag and unable to escape, when a fiery cross appeared between the stag's horns, and the creature let him go free. This was the King nick-named 'the Sair Saint for the Croon,' who founded so many abbeys; and in memory of this escape he founded Holyrood, or Holy Cross. Where all the houses now are in High Street was then open country where

he rode and hunted. Queen Victoria did much to preserve the chapel here, which was in a bad state."

"This looks like a winding stair," said Jeanie, pointing to an entrance where they stood.

"Yes," said her mother, "when we go into the Palace you will see the top of it in the royal bedrooms. It was planned so that if the life of the sovereign was attempted, he or she could run down here for sanctuary; then no one could touch them."

"Why are all these abbeys and chapels in ruins?" said Jock. "Is it because they are so old?"

"No," said his father, "most of them were set on fire by King Henry VIII of England, when he said he would 'light the Lothians,' in his rage because James V. of Scotland would not betroth his daughter Mary (Queen of Scots) to Edward, who was afterwards Edward VI., when they were children."

They turned away from the ruined chapel

and went up in the magnificent banqueting hall which seats four hundred.

“Here,” said Mr. Ellison, “Prince Charlie came when, without a single battle, Edinburgh fell into his hands. On that day of his triumph he came on foot at the head of his soldiers, but so great was the crowd welcoming him that he had to mount his charger; and he rode amongst his father’s subjects, the Duke of Perth on one hand and Lord Elcho on the other. Then from these windows he bowed to the cheering multitude. You can picture the evening here, the scarlet of the Stewart tartan, the blue sash which the Prince wore, and the Star of the Order of St. Andrew, with all the splendor that seemed within his reach. Then we read that two nights later he joined his troops and ‘lay all night on the ground without any covering but his plaid.’ ”

“I wish that kings came here now,” said Jock.

“They do,” said his father quickly. “King George dined here not long ago, and a most

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magnificent ceremony it must have been. Let us come on now and see the rooms occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots."

They saw the old tapestry and quaint bed, but Mrs. Ellison looked wistfully at the oratory where the ill-fated Queen had so often prayed. The children looked down the winding staircase which led to the chapel; they saw the spot where Riccio was murdered, and imagined the scuffle at the supper-table; they examined the clock which Denmark gave to Queen Anna, wife of King James VI., and which is still going. Besides telling the hours, it tells the days of the month, and only needs winding twelve times a year. While they were looking at this, a friend of Major Ellison came up who was delighted to see the children, and promised to show them many things not open to the general public.

"How is it that you can see them?" asked Jeanie.

"Because," he said with a smile, "I am one of the Royal Company of Archers."

“Do you really have bows and arrows?” asked Jock.

“Yes, I will take you to the Archers’ Hall and you shall see them being made. We are the King’s Royal Bodyguard. His Majesty’s person has been guarded in battle and on the throne by the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland with bows and arrows from time immemorial. After the Battle of Flodden, James IV’s body was found ‘under a haystack of the Royal Archers,’ who had died over it to save it from the English. Round it was wrapped the flag of the Earl Marshal of Scotland, which flag with the King’s blood on it, I will show you presently in the Advocates’ Library. When in the year 1300 the Scottish King gave the meadows to the city of Edinburgh, he reserved the end nearest Holyrood Palace where the Royal Company have their headquarters. Many European sovereigns, such as the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (now Austria) copied this Royal Scottish Bodyguard, and often the foreign sovereign got the young-

est sons of Scottish noblemen to officer the guards. The commander of the Royal Archers is called 'the Captain General.' This title was used in Spain, and for centuries past the commander-in-chief of all the Spanish armies is called 'the Captain General of Spain.' "

"I never knew before," said Major Ellison, "why that was."

His friend smiled and went on, "The Captain General of the Royal Company of Archers carries as his badge of office a gold stick which is handed to him by the sovereign; he takes his orders only personally from the sovereign. Queen Anne extended the privileges of the Royal Bodyguard to guarding the sovereign on the throne. In the charter it says that whenever the sovereign comes to Holyrood Palace, the Royal Archers must give a 'red-dendo' of three large silver arrows on a crimson and gold cushion in exchange for these privileges. So the first official act on each royal visit is the arrival of the Royal Archers, who are received by the King or Queen on the

Throne in full state, whereupon the Captain General, advancing, kneels on the steps of the Throne, and 'renders up' the three silver arrows. The sovereign hands them to the Lord High Treasurer or proper custodian and assures the Royal Company that their services are accepted, and all their 'ancient privileges renewed.' "

"How I should like to see it!" said Jock.

"Who belong to the Royal Archers?" asked Mrs. Ellison.

"Well, when King Edward presented a new Royal Standard in 1905, there were in the ranks, like ordinary privates, seven Dukes, three Marquises, about a dozen Earls, several Viscounts, thirty Barons, besides men from the oldest families in the country. The officers are selected by the King himself. Sometimes," he added, turning to Jock, "we entertain the Heir to the Throne, either here or in our own hall. Then, after dinner, three toasts are drunk, in this order: the Captain General stands up with his glass in his hand and says,

‘Gentlemen, the Mark!’ It might be supposed that he meant the bull’s-eye, but it is only another form of drinking to the King over the water.”

“I know,” cried Jeanie. “They used to pass their wineglass over the finger-glass to show that the King they meant was the King who had had to flee over the water.”

“Yes, and the custom still survives, though now the King is no longer there. Then we drink to His Majesty the King, and then to His Royal Highness the Duke of Rothesay.”

“The Duke of Rothesay!” exclaimed Jock, “but why?”

“Because he is the King’s eldest son and Heir to the Throne. He is born Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick, but he is only made Prince of Wales.”

“Earl of Carrick,” said Jeanie, her eyes dancing; “then it really was the same. He came to the Games and he spoke to Malcolm.”

“Yes, he was here not long ago.”

"Oh," said Jeanie, "I never guessed that we should all be so royal."

"Who is the Captain General and Gold Stick?" asked Mr. Ellison.

"The Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry. Now, will you all come to the Hall of Archers? My motor is outside."

This gentleman made their stay in Edinburgh delightful. He showed them the workshop where Fergie was making arrows, each Royal Archer having his own design and colors; then he took them up into the great hall, round which hung magnificent portraits of many of the officers.

He pointed out "the white cockade" which they wore to show they were Jacobites, and showed them the quaint dress of the Archers. Then he told them that the Union Jack, the flag of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, is founded on the flag of St. Andrew, the old flag of Scotland. This flag was St. Andrew's cross—X—of silver on a dark blue ground. When James VI. of Scotland was

also King of England, he put the square red cross of St. George of England on the top of this Scottish flag, and so formed the "Union Jack," or the Union Flag of James, which in French is "Jacques." The red cross of St. Patrick for Ireland was added later, and may be seen intermingled with the silver cross of St. Andrew.

"So now you know," he said, "why the base or main body of the "Union Jack" is dark blue."

"It seems," said Jock, "as if Scotland had a good deal to do with many things."

"Yes, far more than I shall have time to show you. Now jump into the motor; we must hurry on."

They saw the Supreme Courts, and the Advocates' Library where Sir Walter Scott and R. L. Stevenson wrote so many of their books; they looked with awe at the flag which had been wrapped around the body of King James IV. at Flodden; but they were too young to care much for the priceless manuscripts and

books which the library contained. It interested them more to hear of the fountains which stood in olden days all down High Street, and which were filled with claret by the Lord Provost and Magistrates for three days at the Restoration of Charles II., so that all might drink to his health. The historian says that High Street was knee-deep in glass, which was broken so as never to be used again for a less honorable thing than to drink the King's health. They went into Moray House, where the Regent of Scotland had lived, who was uncle to Mary, Queen of Scots; and they noticed the beautiful ceilings with the lion of Scotland, the French *fleur de lis*, and the thistle. It was the house where in 1707 the Treaty of Union between English and Scottish Parliaments was to be signed, but so great was the uproar of the people that the signers had to run down the garden and sign it in a shed at the end.

"Long ago," said their friend, "where all these old courts and houses are was open

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ground. Here was where the Canons of Holyrood lived; this quaint old house was where the stage coaches stopped. This is the Royal Mile from Holyrood to the castle, but it does not look very royal now."

Yet as they went up it Jeanie saw in her imagination the gay doings of long ago. She pictured Queen Margaret riding forth in state, Queen Mary with her faithful Maries, Bonnie Prince Charlie and his cheering friends. But chiefly she thought of Montrose, her own great chieftain, undaunted by disaster or death. No street is mean which has witnessed scenes like this.

"We must get out now," said their friend, "and come up into the castle. That was the window out of which Queen Mary's baby, little James, was lowered. Now you shall see the Regalia of Scotland."

In a room well guarded they saw the crown and all the splendor of the Regalia.

"That crown crowned King Robert the Bruce," said their guide, "but many of the jew-

els were added by George Heriot, court jeweler to James V., who founded Heriot's Hospital, a splendid school here. Then that jewel of the Most Antient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle was made by Heriot for James VI. to give to his Queen, Anna of Denmark. It was worn by our present Queen Mary not long ago at a Drawing-Room at Holyrood Palace. The sceptre, sword of state and belt were made by famous Italian artists for Pope Julius II. to give to the King of Scotland. The belt was away from the sword for two hundred and forty years. Cromwell had a big army to attack Edinburgh to seize the Regalia lest Charles II. should get them."

"But he didn't get them?" cried Jeanie.

"No, when he got near, the Regalia were removed to Dunottar Castle, which belonged to the Earl Marshal Keith. When Cromwell got into Edinburgh, he was very angry to find the Regalia gone. Dunottar Castle is built on a peninsula, so Cromwell placed a big army on the peninsula to starve out the people in the

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castle, while he kept a large fleet near at sea. The parish minister was a certain Mr. Ogilvie, and after some weeks the officers became lax, and Mrs. Ogilvie was allowed to go in and out to see her friends. Ladies used then to spin as they walked about, and one day Mrs. Ogilvie went into the castle with her distaff, spinning as she went. Later she came out, holding her silk dress high in each hand, as it was muddy. Little did Cromwell's army, through which she passed, think that the crown was held in her dress, flopping about her knees, while she carried under her arm, wrapped in thread and wool, two sceptres and the sword of state. She laughed and talked with the officers as she passed, but once at home she and her husband took up the pews and flooring under the pulpit, and buried the whole Regalia in the church. The garrison held out for a few weeks to ward off suspicion, then they gave in. You can imagine the anger of the army when no Regalia was found. The garrison met the indignant army with the answer, 'What is all

this fuss about? There is no Regalia here.' After the Restoration of Charles II., Mr. Ogilvie gave him the Regalia, and there was great rejoicing. The King gave him back the belt of the sword of state, and it stayed in the Ogilvie family till a descendant on the female line, an English clergyman, gave it back to Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria ordered Lord Kingsburgh, as a great officer of state, to see it put back. It was a great occasion. The Royal Antiquarian Society of Scotland were present and they were puzzled by some holes in the sword-belt that had not been done by the Italian workmen. Suddenly one exclaimed, 'It is proved. Mary, Queen of Scots, had the sword of state girded on to her at her coronation.' You will see even now that the belt lies a little apart from the sword."

"So it does," said Jock.

"But that is not the whole history of the Regalia. When the Bonnie Prince (Charles Edward), in 1745 was advancing on Edinburgh, the Hanoverian officials at the castle

were so much afraid that he would seize the crown and crown himself King, that they put the Regalia in a huge chest, with two locks and two huge padlocks, the Honours being wrapped in napkins. Then they walled them up in the present crown room, windows, doors and all. After Prince Charlie's final defeat at Culloden they were entirely forgotten."

"How were they found again?" asked Jeanie.

"Well, about the year 1820, Sir Walter Scott was searching in the Royal Register House, opposite the General Postoffice, for facts for his fiction, when he found the document of the officials saying what they had done in 1745. He went to London, saw King George IV., and got him to send a Royal Commission to search for the Regalia, and break down the walls. Several times the commission wanted to give up the search, but Sir Walter would go on. Finally he tore down a wall and saw a thick door, bored two holes in it and saw this immense iron gate of bars. He cut through this

huge padlock," said the gentleman, pointing to it, "and found this big kist; then he cut through its hasps and padlocks. You can see they were never unlocked—"

"And then?" burst in Jeanie.

"There they found the Regalia wrapped in the napkins exactly as it had been since 1745. One spectator fell on his knees and cried with loyal joy. They were all deeply moved, and you can imagine what a sensation the discovery made."

"What is that badge with St. George and the Dragon?" asked Major Ellison.

"Queen Elizabeth had that made for James VI. when she made him Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, just after she had allowed his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, to be beheaded. Now we will see St. Margaret's chapel."

"We know all about that," said Jeanie, "and how St. Margaret had a jeweled 'Gospel Book,' and a diamond cross in a black case. Do they have service there still?"

"No, it is only a ruin."

The men and Jock took off their hats, and Mrs. Ellison stood in silence thinking of the prayers said here long ago. Another party had come in, and a child smaller than Jeanie was laughing loudly.

"Hush," said Jeanie gently, "this is the House of God."

The child's father looked at her gravely, lifted his hat, and they all went away quietly.

After they came out of the chapel, their friend told them that that, too, had been lost, and covered with buildings, but Sir Walter Scott knew that it must be there, so he got the Prince-Regent, afterwards George IV., to appoint a Royal Commission, and after many failures they found the chapel in 1820, made into two stories and used as the powder and shell magazine.

CHAPTER XVIII

PAST AND PRESENT

ONCE more in the motor, they again went down High Street and by Holyrood.

“Look at that mountain,” said Jeanie; “it is just like a lion.”

“It is called ‘The Lion,’ ” said her mother, “or ‘Arthur’s Seat.’ ”

They left Edinburgh behind them and went to a little village named Duddington, where a hundred years ago the parish minister was a certain John Thomson, a great painter of landscapes in a style adopted by the English artist, Turner. They went into the Manse Garden, where years ago Sir Walter Scott and the great painters, Raeburn and Watson-Gordon, met, as well as the Adams, the famous architects, and Mrs. Siddons and the Keanes, the chief actors of the day.

“You see this little loch,” said their friend.

"It was that which gave Scott the idea for his 'Lady of the Lake,' and he wrote the poem sitting under this tree."

"It has fallen," said Jock.

"Yes, but it is left lying here, for anything connected with Sir Walter Scott is of interest. We can hardly say how much Scotland, how much the world, owes to him. You can picture the days when he wrote here, and Thomson painted—pictures that now fetch any price. Now come to the church gate. That iron collar is called a *Joug* and was put around the neck of a woman who was a 'scold.' She had to stand there on Sundays as the people went to church."

"I should not think she would do it twice," said Jeanie.

There was the "loupin' on stane" for mounting on horseback close by, but there was no time to linger. The gentleman pointed out Canongate as they went back and showed them much which had belonged to the monks of Holyrood in olden time, the village of Dean,

which they saw from Dean Bridge, where there was trout fishing for four and a half miles.

“The names of a place,” he said, “will generally tell its history. Now I will take you down some streets noted for their famous men. Here in Heriot Row, Robert Louis Stevenson was born and wrote his books; he came of the family of great lighthouse engineers. Opposite him, across the gardens, Sir James Simpson lived, who invented chloroform. Back to back with Simpson’s house was Sir Walter Scott’s house in Castle Street. Close by the Nasquiths were painting, another member of the family was inventing the steam hammer, Raeburn turning out his matchless portraits in scores. David Hume had the first house built in ‘Newtown,’ and the Town Council in his honor called the street David Street. But a wag came along and put St. before it (Hume was an unbeliever). So the street is now known as St. David Street, a specimen of grim Scottish humor.”

He wanted to take them to far more places

than time allowed, and Mr. Ellison said that they must leave something for their next visit.

"We shall never remember everything," said Jeanie, "but Scotland is just the most splendid country in the world."

One more trip their friend insisted on. He took them to Queensferry, and their car was ferried over the ferry of the great Saint and Queen of nine hundred years ago. They crossed the Forth under the shadow of the vast Forth Bridge, but they realized that it was the same ferry which had never ceased to run since St. Margaret started it for the King and herself to go to watch the progress of the great Abbey which she founded, and to superintend the enlarging of the Palace. But Jock was thinking more of the present than the past as he gazed up at the bridge under which they passed.

"It is a mile and a quarter long," said his father. "Look at these granite bases. The largest ocean liners and men-of-war can pass under it."

And looking into St. Margaret's Hope (the bay where Princess Margaret's ship was driven when Malcolm rescued her) they saw the vast works going on which are converting it into the largest naval base in the world. Their steamer passed through a great fleet of British "Dreadnoughts" and "Super-Dreadnoughts" at anchor under the Forth Bridge.

"I wonder what King Malcolm and St. Margaret would have thought of these," said Jock.

"I expect," said his mother, "that she would be hardly more surprised at our day than we should be if we could see all that happened in her time."

Many were the thanks given to the kind friend who had showed them so much; and after he had left them Major Ellison said that there were still a few things he meant to show them himself before they returned to England and resumed their old habits.

CHAPTER XIX

FAIR MELROSE

EVERY moment of those last days was filled with adventure. One morning of glorious sunshine they had a motor in which to visit Melrose. Leaving Edinburgh behind them they flew past Swanston, the childhood's home of Robert Louis Stevenson, where he had first heard the cry of mountain and loch calling him out from the multitude to stand with the mighty of every age. They left Abbotsford on their right, where Sir Walter Scott had written the novels and poems which will always be the truest key to the history of Scotland. All round them the mountains rose in glorious ranges, stretching away into distance, their dark blue standing out against a cloudless sky, while on the near moorland the bracken shone as burnished bronze. Sometimes as they rushed through woodland a pheasant whirled

across the road, or black cattle gazed at them from the heights. Or a countryman driving his cows gathered them to the roadside while a girl with a scarlet kerchief tied over her hair herded the frightened beasts. Then they passed Peebles and came upon the river Tweed, which did not leave them again. A few fishermen stood knee-deep in the dark waters, or fished from the banks. The trees, more sheltered here, had not lost their leaves; every shade of gold, lemon and bronze painted the steep bank, while the ground was rich with the fallen leaves of the beech. Who had rustled through the leaves long ago? Did King Malcolm with some of his six sons climb the hill and look down on the river, or would Queen Margaret "riding forth in state" get so far? No one can tell now, but Jock and Jeanie fancied it all. They saw Prince Charlie hiding in the bracken, then rallying his brave followers; they saw Mary, Queen of Scots, escaping from her enemies; they saw the one king of the Scots who keeps his uncrowned name because he was

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more than a king, Robert the Bruce, "the best who lived in his day," fighting against overwhelming odds. They saw all the raids on the Border lands and pictured a hundred battles on the hillside. What did it matter if Montrose never trod these hills? His spirit was everywhere; the undying spirit of a true Scot.

"Look," said Major Ellison, "at those three hills. Some day I will read you Sir Walter Scott's story of Michael Scot, which is connected with them."

And still they flew onward, while the great river caught the sunlight or shadowed into mystery as it had done hundreds of years ago when it divided two nations and seemed the entrance to a world of undying romance.

"To Melrose," read Jock at last, and they went more slowly through the village street, turning by the Abbey Hotel and facing the magnificent ruin.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,

quoted Major Ellison, and Jeanie said,—

“I learnt that in ‘The Lay of the last Minstrel.’ ”

Then they went inside the gates and stood looking up into the tracery of the great east window which heaven to-day had painted so fair a blue. Huge pillars rose in their stately grandeur, “like the trees of a forest,” Jeanie said. Empty chapels ran along the side, and green grass grew in pity in the choir which had once been so fair for the honour and service of God. But it was where the High Altar had been that Mr. Ellison stopped with a little cry, and the children stood awestruck by “The Grave of the Heart of Bruce.” An old world stone traced with the lines of a cross—was that all? No; a thousand times no. Men can spoil and ruin all that is material, but none can mar what the Heart of Bruce means to a country; for the value of courage and endurance in extreme perils does not pass away.

“Remember,” said Mother gently, “that our King is descended from Bruce, and that the

Prince of Wales bears the title of Earl of Carrick."

Then the children turned away to see the graves of Alexander II. and the House of Douglas, but she did not move.

"It was long ago," said her husband gravely, but she lifted her misty eyes to his.

"It is all so real," she whispered, "the struggles and the tragedy; poor Scotland!"

"Brave Scotland," he said, and she smiled as he joined the children, leaving her to dream of the Altar of God rebuilt and the huge Abbey filled with the worshipers of every age since Christianity was first brought to Scotland by Regulus, a soldier. Her dream was broken by the call to luncheon in the hotel outside, where the children were delighted with the stuffed crocodile and other trophies in the house, and where they did full justice to their meal in the dining-room which bore two busts of Sir Walter Scott. They went home by another way, twisting down hill and crossing the Tweed

by a low bridge, while the railway bridge with its graceful pillars of pink stone rose high above them. Then once more they flew on, through well wooded country and golden leaves. A merry child in a green habit passed them on her pony, chattering to her companion. Could her name have been Di Vernon? The trees were taller this side of the river, the silver trunks of the beeches rose amid the wealth of gold, and a stray pheasant flew across. The shadows were deepening.

“There is nothing more beautiful than an avenue of beeches,” said the Major, then down the avenue came hounds and huntsmen returning from the day’s sport, the white horses and pink coats standing out against the background. The chauffeur stopped for a moment, then again they flew on, right over Lammermoor. One day they would read *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and have associations that they had not to-day. Now the way grew desolate—bleak stretches of moor, no sign of man or

beast. In olden days it would have been a perilous path to travel.

The hills were growing a deeper hue by the time that they caught sight of Arthur's Seat, then the lights were twinkling over Edinburgh, making it like a fairy city with great palaces against the sky. They passed Holyrood, deserted and silent, and turned up the High Street. Major Ellison pointed out the balcony on Moray House where Argyll watched Montrose being taken to his execution.

They passed the house where John Knox was born, who played so great a part in the religious history of the country, and at last they crossed Princes Street near the Scott Memorial to go to Uncle Frank's house.

"Look back," said Major Ellison, "look at the castle in this light, standing above the city while a blue mystery seems to cover the valley below. Edinburgh certainly is the most beautiful city in the world."

"Yes, look back," said their mother. "I think we have been looking back all the time,

at the gallant figures and true hearts that have made Scotland, at the old devotion which reared costly temples to God, back, farther back to the beauty of this world which He made very good, to us Scots never more beautiful than in Scotland."

"To us Scots," repeated Jock and Jeanie slowly, and their mother smiled as she saw what had taken place since that summer day when they first crossed the Tweed.

"To us Scots," children may repeat thousands of miles away on lonely farms in South Africa, Australia or Canada. "To us Scots," you little Comrades in America may say in your new country with your broad outlook. What does it mean? Is it only that your name begins with Mac, or that Donalds and Malcolms and Stuarts are among your ancestors?

No, it is that all the courage and undaunted faith of the Scots is yours by inheritance, that when one day you come while the purple bloom is on the heather, to visit Scotland, you will stand on your own soil. Little comrades, visit

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it reverently, remembering all that it means to look back. Stand silent for a moment on such spots as Melrose Abbey and St. Margaret's Chapel, thinking of the prayers once said there, and remembering that it is holy ground. Then, as you see sights as fair as any in the world, whether in the city of Edinburgh or by loch and mountain, you will not go alone; King Malcolm and St. Margaret, Bruce, Queen Mary, Montrose, Prince Charlie, Sir Walter Scott, a hundred figures from every age will go with you; and all that goes to make the wealth of a country,—truth, valor, self-sacrifice, undying faith, hope and love,—will become yours in the possession of the knowledge that they may have tried and failed, but they never failed to try.

NOTES



NOTES

This list of the Kings of Scotland may be found useful.

Grimus	996
Malcolm II.....	1004
Duncan (of Macbeth).....	1034
Macbeth (killed Duncan and seized Throne)...	1040
Malcolm III., "Canmore," first King of United Scotland	1057
(Macbeth was Duncan's cousin. Mal- colm Canmore was Duncan's son, and mar- ried St. Margaret).	
Donald (Malcolm's brother) seized the Throne.	1093
Duncan seized it from him.....	1094
Donald took it again.....	1095
Edgar (Malcolm's son).....	1097
Alexander I.....	1107
David I. (St. David).....	1124
(These last three were buried beside their parents King Malcolm and Queen Margaret in Dunfermline Abbey).	
Malcolm the Maiden.....	1153
William the Lion.....	1165

Alexander II.....	1214
Alexander III.....	1249
Margaret the Maid of Norway.....	1286

(Eric, King of Norway, had married Alexander's daughter Margaret, and this Margaret was their daughter. She died leaving the direct line extinct. The chief claimants for the Crown were Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, a grandson of William the Lion, and John Baliol, Lord of Galloway, a great grandson of William the Lion's brother, the Earl of Huntingdon. As Baliol promised to make Scotland a sub-kingdom of England, Edward I. of England helped Baliol to be King in 1292).

Robert the Bruce overcame him and was crowned	1306
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David II. (his son).....	1329
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Robert the Bruce's daughter married Walter (of Royal Blood) the Great Steward of Scotland; their son

Robert Stuart succeeded to the Throne.....	1371
and founded the Stuart dynasty.	

(The eldest son of the King of Scotland is born Duke of Rothesay and Great Steward of Scotland).

Robert III.....	1390
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(married his distant cousin, a Malcolm of Auchterarder Castle).

James I.....	1406
James II.....	1437
James III.....	1460
James IV. (married Margaret daughter of Henry VII. and sister of Henry VIII. of England)	1488
James V.....	1513
Mary, Queen of Scots.....	1542
Francis (of France) and Mary (reigned together)	1558
Mary (alone).....	1560
James VI.....	1567
Henry VIII's children, Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth being dead, James VI. as great-grandson of Margaret of England became also	
James I., England. He was son of Mary, Queen of Scots.....	1603
Charles I.....	1625
Charles II.....	1649
James VII. of Scotland, II. of England.....	1685
Mary and William.....	1689
(Mary, a daughter of Charles I., married Prince William of Orange).	

Anne, daughter of James VII. and II.....	1702
George I. (great-grandson <i>on female side</i> of James VI. and I.....)	1714
George II.....	1727
George III.....	1760
George IV.....	1820
William III. of Scotland and IV. of England..	1830
Victoria, daughter of Edward, the fourth son of George III.....	1837
Edward I. of Scotland, VII. of England.....	1901
George V.....	1910
His Majesty King George V. by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Brit- ish Dominions beyond the Seas, King; De- fender of the Faith; Emperor of India; Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Co- burg and Gotha.	

God save the King!

It will be noticed in Scotland that many words are French, i.e., a dish is an *asshet*. The fact that Mary Queen of Scots was brought up in France has left its mark on the country to this day, not only on the language, but on certain customs, such as the Flats in Edinburgh.

AUCHTERARDER

The charter is lost of this the oldest Royal Burgh. Edinburgh had always been as capital “our Royal and Antient Burgh and City of Edinburgh” without any charter. From Auchterarder Castle the Royal Family of Great Britain and Ireland came directly,—through Robert the Bruce and his son-in-law, Walter, Great Steward of Scotland, hence the Stewarts or Stuarts—because Malcolm (Canmore—Big Head) went from there to reign at Edinburgh as the first King of *United* Scotland.

Scotland was once 4 kingdoms

1. Picts (N. E. and down to near Perth).
2. Scots (N. W. and down to near Glasgow, including most of the smaller isles).
3. Northumbria (S. E. from Forth to about York with Edinburgh as capital).
4. Strathclyde (from Glasgow to Westmoreland).

There was a piece of country (now counties of Fife, Kinross and Clackmannan) in the middle of all, of which Malcolm was Thane (Grand Duke) with his capital at Dunfermline.

Orkney, Shetland, Skye, the Hebrides and the Isle of Man came to the King of Scotland later (about 1250) with his bride, as a dowry from her father, the King of Norway.

On leaving Auchterarder Castle to reign at Edinburgh as the first King of United Scotland, Malcolm Canmore left his "home and hunting seat" to a near relative, a brother or a cousin; and more than 300 years later, his descendant, Robert III. (grandson of Robert the Bruce), took his wife from the Malcolms of Auchterarder Castle; so in a double sense King George V. is of Auchterarder. To this day the Malcolms live there.

When Edward I. of England started the theory that Scotland should become a vassal kingdom to the English Throne, he tried to carry out his theory by constantly attacking Scotland, from which he was nick-named "the Hammer of the Scots." He was several times at Auchterarder Castle, notably in 1296, when he invaded Scotland with 5000 knights and 30,000 footmen. The chronicle of the date says, "On the Thursday he went to the Royal Palace and Castle of Stirling . . . and there tarried the King five days. On Wednesday before the Feast of St. John, the King passed the Scottish Sea (i.e. the Forth) and lay at Auchterarder his castle four days." He calls it "his castle" as it was crown property, to show he had taken it from the Malcolm line as a sign of conquest.

In 1305 we find Edward I. carrying off the Sheriff of Auchterarder as a hostage for all Scotland, and he

was kept fourteen years in the Tower of London. Edward rather liked him, and gave him two horses. Edward I. stayed at Auchterarder when he made the swoop on Scone, sixteen miles farther on, and carried off the Stone of Destiny to Westminster Abbey.

Edward III. also stayed at Auchterarder Castle. So did Oliver Cromwell, Mary of Guise (mother of Mary, Queen of Scots) and Prince Charles Edward.

The immediate neighbourhood is full of interest. There is Kincardine Castle, home of the Marquises of Montrose, where kings and queens often stayed, there is Coll-Earn, where the Macdonalds proudly show the earrings which their ancestress, Flora Macdonald, wore at Kingsburgh in Skye, when she sheltered Prince Charles Edward, who was disguised as her maid, Betty Burke; and where too they treasure the possession of David Hume, the historian.

GLOSSARY

Bannock: A cake.

Braw: Fine.

Ben: Ben the house means a welcome to the inner circle or parlor.

But: The outer room.

Blethering: A term of contempt.

Creepie: Stool.

Dour : Solemn, hard.

Gey : Very.

Greeting : Weeping.

Happit : Wrapt.

Kist : Chest.

Speir : To seek, ask.

Wean : Little one.

25.
JW





